

## Journey into Fear #15

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2. Corpse in Make-up
3. Strangling Shadows

Feature: Ghost Clinic

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### Corpse in Make-up

(Sequence 2 - story , 7 pages )

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Feature Story: Ghost Clinic

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WEIRD  
EIRD

STRANGE AND UNBELIEVABLE!

10c



JOURNEY

into



SEPT. 1953

No. 15

FEAR



*Corpse in Make-up  
Revenge So Evil  
Her Lips Dripped  
Blood  
Return of the Ghoul*



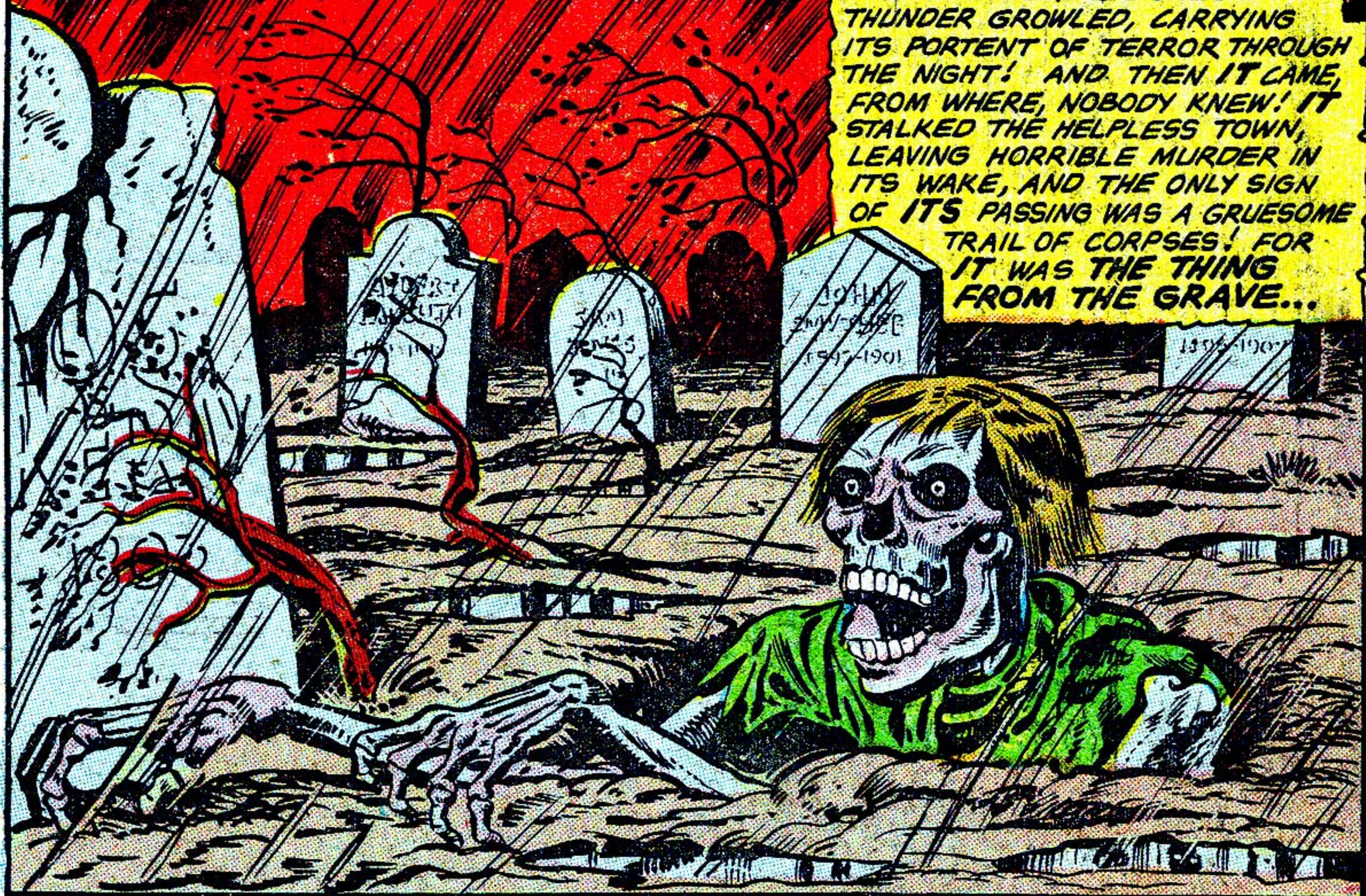


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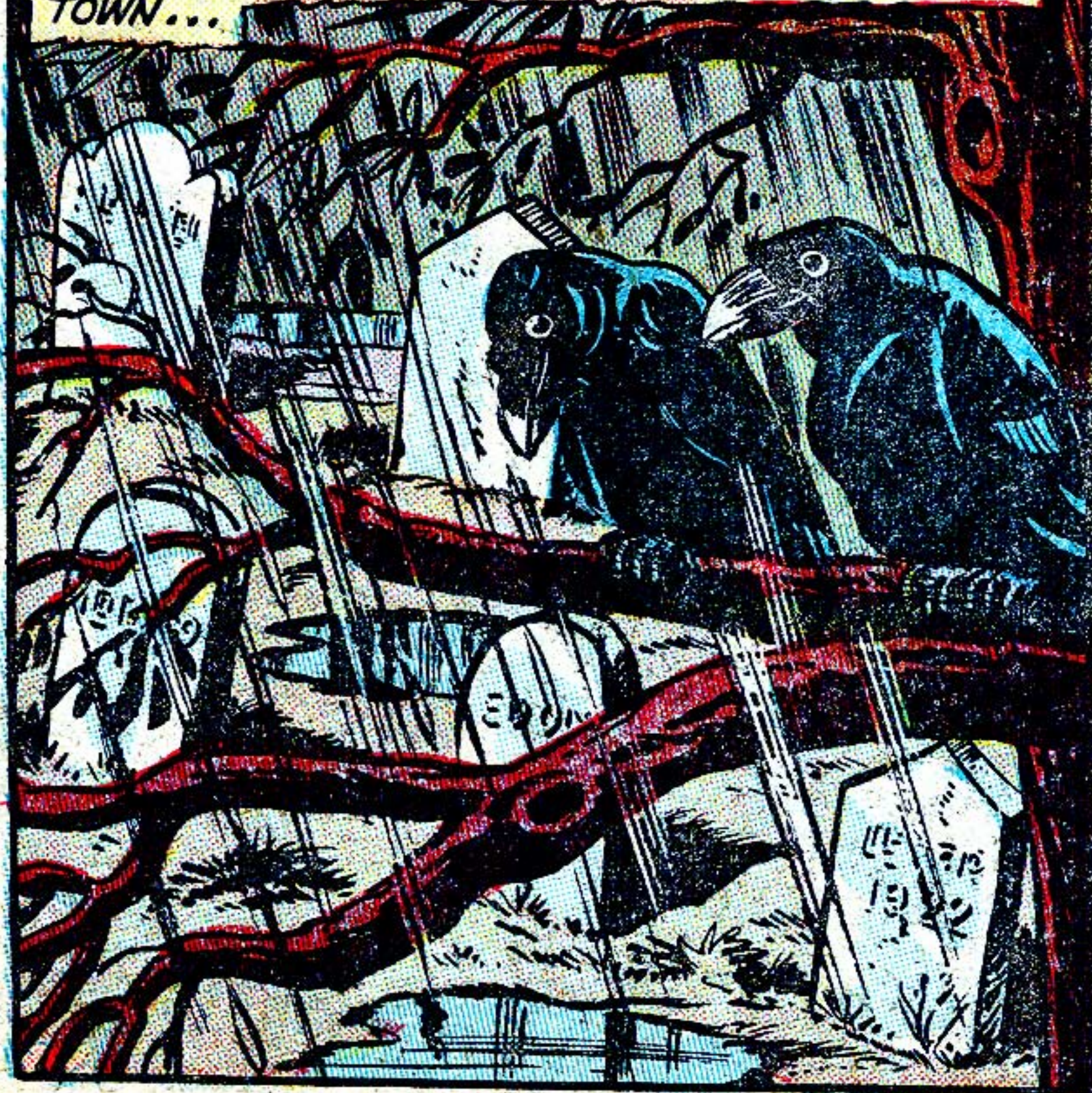


# Return of the Ghoul

RAIN FELL LIKE SALTLESS TEARS ON THE GRAVES, AND THE WIND WAS BLOWING A DIRGE FOR MOULDERING BONES! THUNDER GROWLED, CARRYING ITS PORTENT OF TERROR THROUGH THE NIGHT! AND THEN IT CAME, FROM WHERE, NOBODY KNEW! IT STALKED THE HELPLESS TOWN, LEAVING HORRIBLE MURDER IN ITS WAKE, AND THE ONLY SIGN OF ITS PASSING WAS A GRUESOME TRAIL OF CORPSES! FOR IT WAS THE THING FROM THE GRAVE...

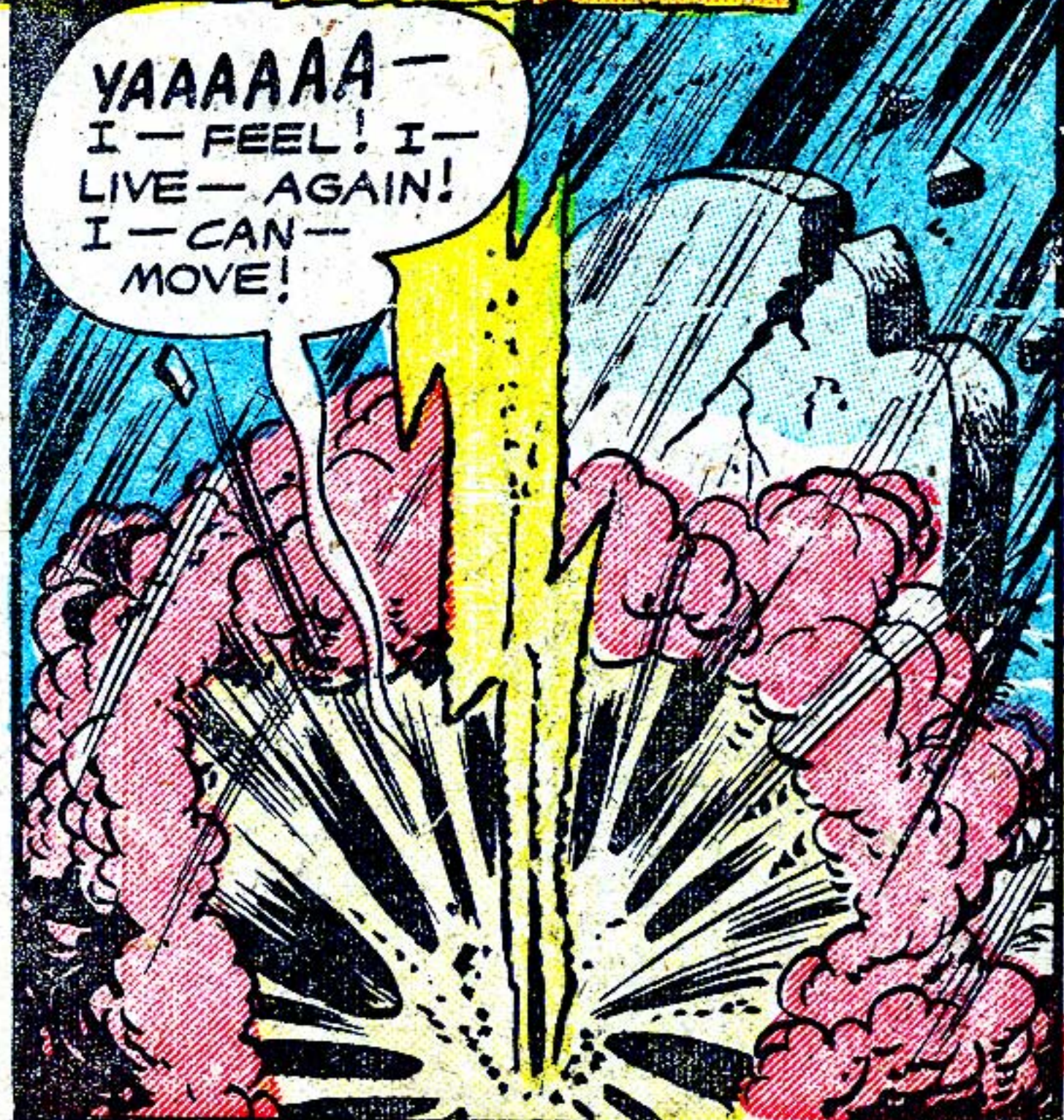


THAT NIGHT A FURIOUS STORM SWEEPED THE LITTLE CEMETERY ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN...



SUDDENLY A TERRIFIC BOLT OF YELLOW LIGHTNING RIPS AND SMASHES INTO A SUNKEN AND LONG FORGOTTEN GRAVE...

YAAAAA —  
I — FEEL! I —  
LIVE — AGAIN!  
I — CAN —  
MOVE!





THE THUNDER RUMBLES AWAY! THE BANSHEE HOWLING OF THE WIND SUBSIDES! AND THERE IS A HORRIBLE STIRRING IN THE EARTH...

THE—LIGHTNING—  
WARMED ME! LET—ME—  
OUT—OF—MY PRISON!  
I'M—ALIVE! I—  
BREATHE!

A HORROR  
SUCH AS NO  
MAN HAS  
EVER SEEN,  
A THING OF  
CRUMBLING  
BONES AND  
TATTERED  
FLESH,  
EMERGES  
FROM THE  
FOUL  
GRAVE...

I—I'M BEGINNING TO THINK  
AGAIN! TO KNOW! B-BUT  
WHO AM I? WHAT AM I?  
I—CAN'T SEEM TO  
REMEMBER...

ALREADY, WHILE HARDLY  
A MOMENT OLD, THE  
THING HAS CUNNING...

AMOS THACKERAY!  
HA—SO THAT'S WHO  
I AM! AND I D-DIED  
IN 1803! A LONG  
TIME AGO, BY THE LOOKS  
OF ME! BUT WHAT YEAR  
IS IT NOW?

A PIECE OF SODDEN, WIND BLOWN  
NEWSPAPER GIVES THE ANSWER...

THE D-DATE IS—APRIL FIRST, 1953!  
APRIL FOOL'S DAY! AND I DIED  
EXACTLY 150 YEARS AGO! WHAT A—  
(CHUCKLE)—JOKE! ONLY—WHO IS  
THE JOKE ON?

MOMENTS  
LATER  
AND THE  
THING  
GOES  
LURCHING  
ALONG  
A ROAD  
LEADING  
INTO THE  
TOWN...

THERE IS SOMEONE NOW! A  
GIRL! MAYBE SHE'LL TALK TO  
ME, TELL ME THINGS! SO  
MANY QUESTIONS, SO MUCH  
I WANT TO KNOW! 150 YEARS!  
ALL MY FRIENDS MUST—  
(HA-HA)—BE DEAD, TOO!

PLEASE, LADY! DON'T BE  
FRIGHTENED! I ONLY  
WANT—

WHAT! OH—  
EEEEEEEEEEEE—



FRIGHTENED, THE THING FLEES IN TERROR DOWN THE DARK STREETS OF THE TOWN...

S-SHE WAS AFRAID OF ME—OF THE WAY I LOOK! I MUST REMEMBER THAT! EVERYONE WILL BE AGAINST ME, THEY'LL WANT TO KILL ME, MAKE ME GO BACK TO MY GRAVE! BUT I WON'T—I WON'T!



AS ITS CUNNING TURNS TO FEAR AND THEN TO HATRED! IT SENSES THAT THE HAND OF EVERY MAN WILL BE AGAINST IT, AND IT IS PREPARED...

THEY'RE LOOKING FOR ME ALREADY! WHO-EVER THEY ARE—THEY WANT TO KILL ME! BUT I'M READY FOR THEM! I'LL KILL THEM FIRST! THEY B-BETTER NOT TRY TO BOTHER ME!



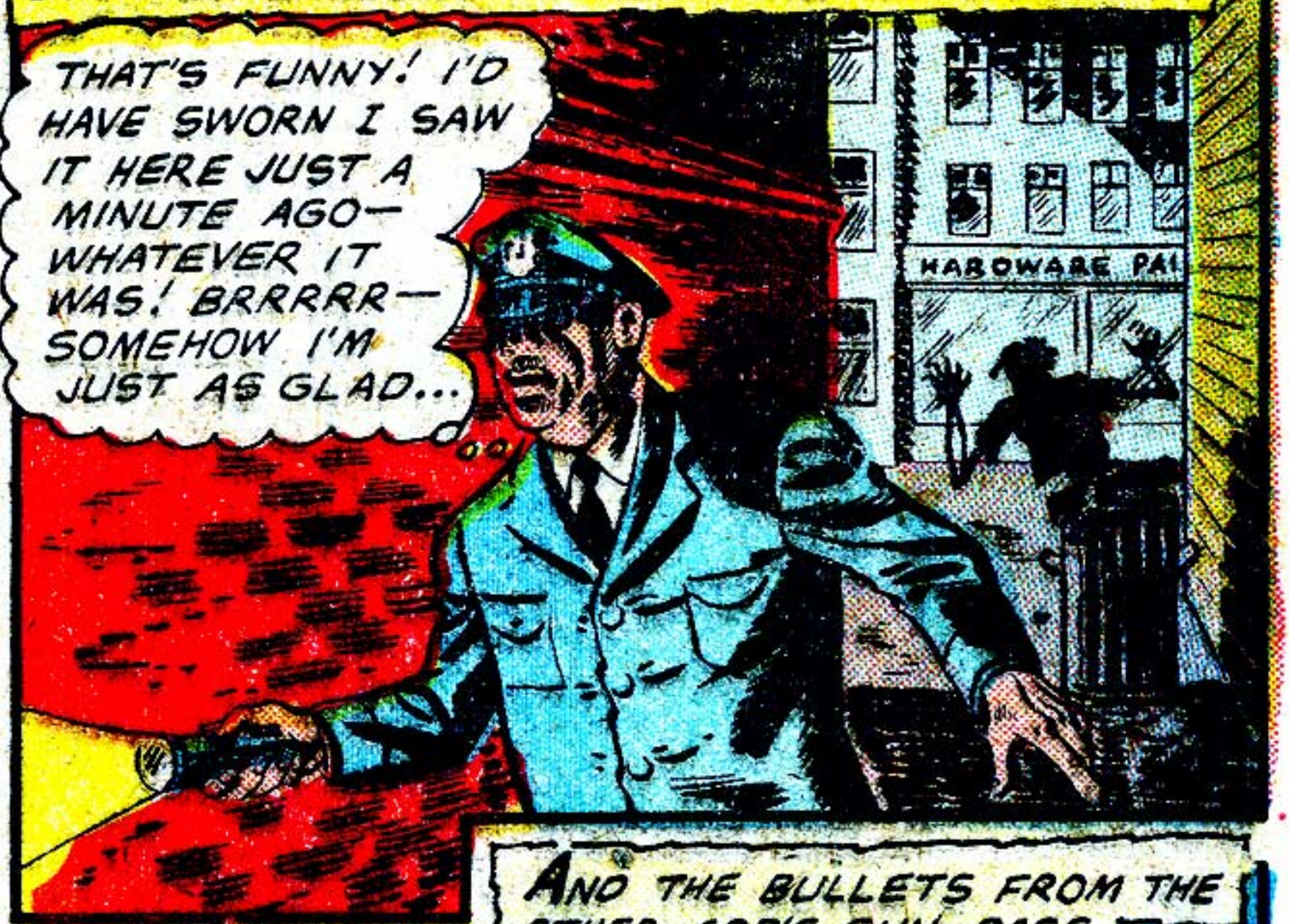
GOOD GRIEF, MIKE, LOOK AT THAT! WHAT IS IT?

DUNNO, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE IT'S GOT NO BUSINESS RUNNING AROUND LOOSE! C'MON, AND WE'LL HAVE A CLOSER LOOK!



THE COPS SEPARATE AND DIVE INTO THE CLOTTED SHADOWS TO HUNT THE THING DOWN...

THAT'S FUNNY! I'D HAVE SWORN I SAW IT HERE JUST A MINUTE AGO—WHATEVER IT WAS! BRRRRR—SOMEHOW I'M JUST AS GLAD...



AND THEN...

ARRRRRRR—I'LL KILL YOU! I WON'T LET YOU SEND ME BACK TO MY GRAVE!

GREAT DAY IN THE MORN-ING, MIKE! **HELP! GAAAAA—**



HA-HA! YOU'LL NEVER GET ME AGAIN! I'LL RIP YOU TO PIECES! **ARRRRR—**

**AHHHHH—YIIIIIIII—**



AND THE BULLETS FROM THE OTHER COP'S GUN PASS THROUGH THE THING HARMLESSLY...

HA-HA-HA! YOUR BULLETS CAN'T HURT ME! YOUR KIND WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO HURT ME AGAIN! I REMEMBER IT ALL NOW! IT'S ALL COMING BACK!

BILL! DEAD! AND THIS GUN MIGHT AS WELL BE A WATER PISTOL FOR ALL THE GOOD IT DOES AGAINST THAT FIEND! WHATEVER IT IS—IT'S NOT HUMAN!





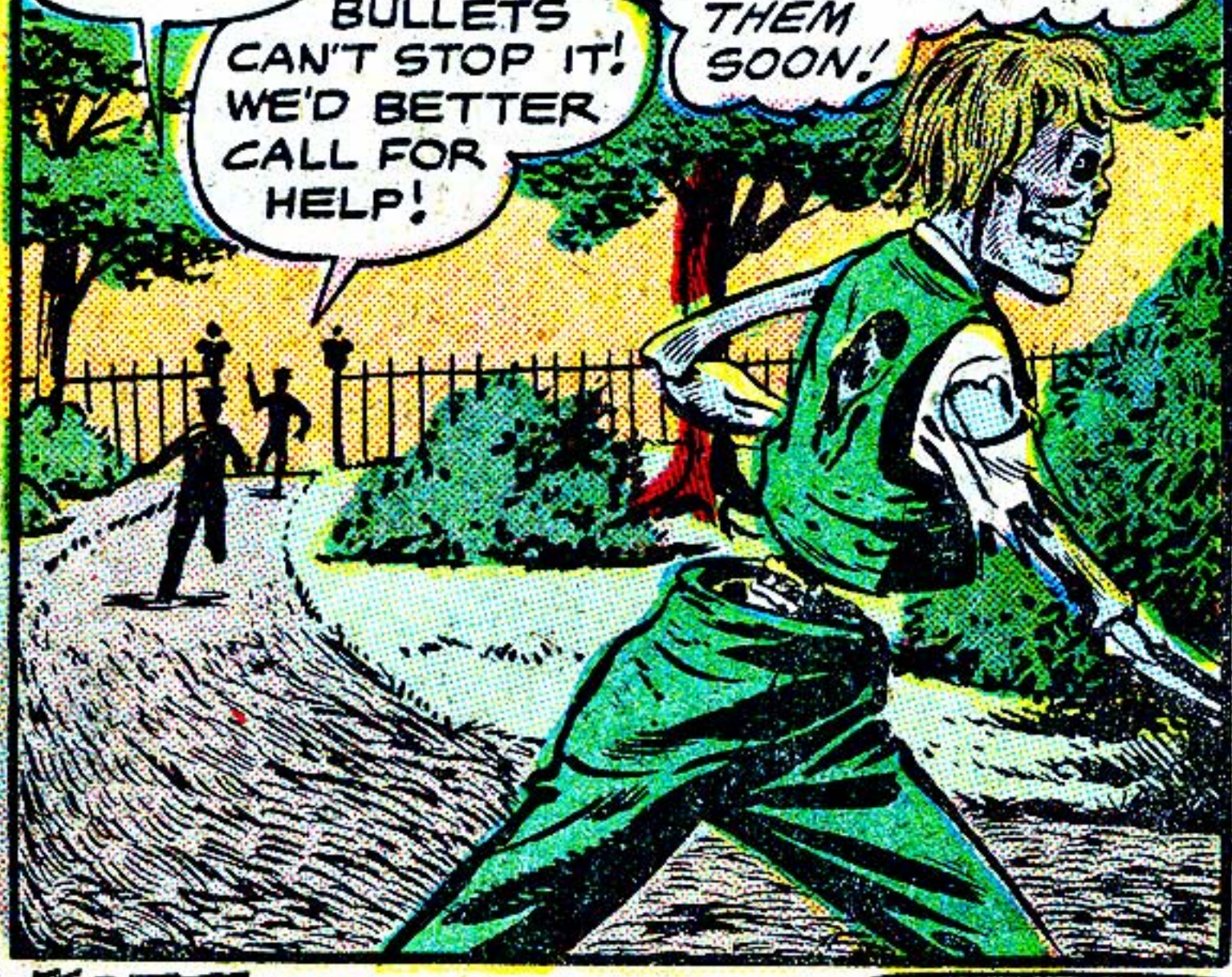
# JOURNEY INTO FEAR

PURSUED, THE THING RUNS DOWN BLACK, GLISTENING STREETS, TO A SMALL PARK...

STOP, YOU! WHATEVER YOU ARE!

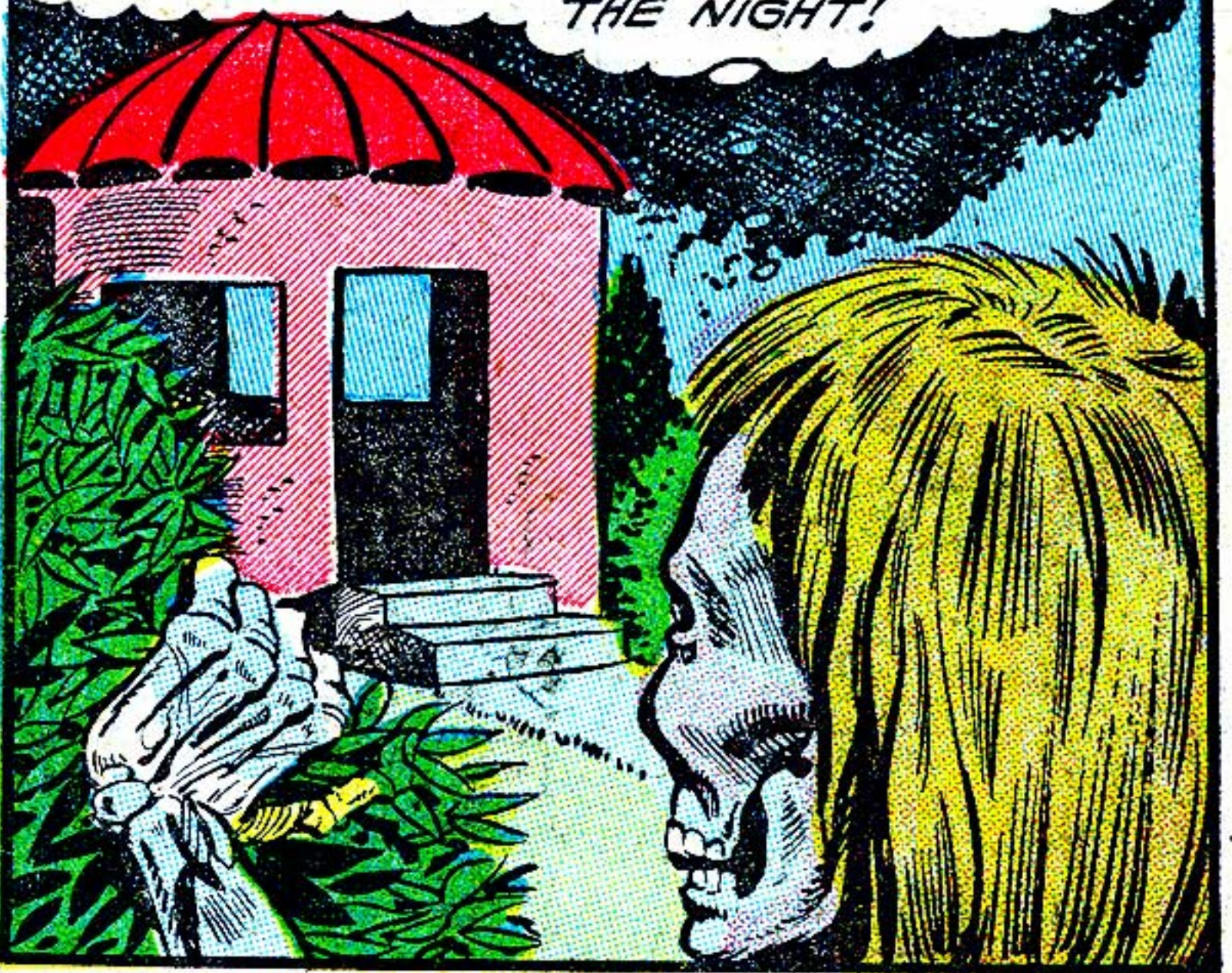
NO USE SHOOTING, BILL! BULLETS CAN'T STOP IT! WE'D BETTER CALL FOR HELP!

HAH-HAH! FOOLS! WHAT DO I CARE FOR THEM! I'LL LOSE THEM SOON!



THE CREATURE DOES LOSE THEM, AND...

A SHELTER HOUSE! GOOD! EVEN MY OLD, DECAYED BONES ACHE FROM THE DAMP! MAYBE I CAN STAY HERE FOR THE NIGHT!



BUT...

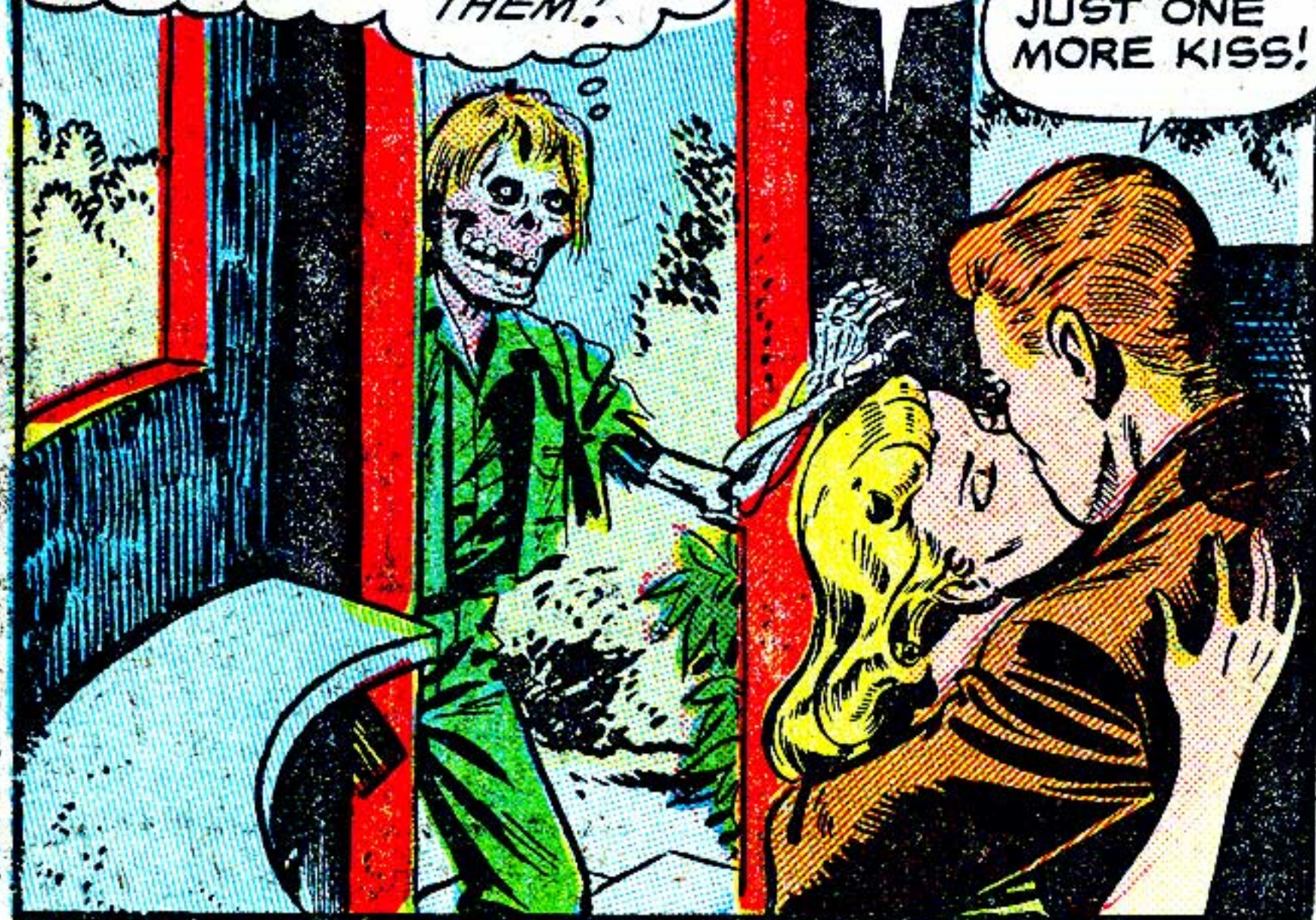
I'LL JUST—OH! SOMEBODY ELSE IN THERE! A BOY AND A GIRL—IN LOVE! I WON'T DISTURB THEM!

IT'S VERY LATE, DARLING! I REALLY MUST GO NOW!

IN A MOMENT, SWEET! JUST ONE MORE KISS!

OVER THE GROTESQUE THING STEALS A POIGNANT SENSE OF NOSTALGIA...

LOVERS! NOW I REMEMBER—THE TENDERNESS, THE TOUCH OF A WOMAN'S LIPS! SO LONG AGO! I'LL JUST STEAL AWAY, AND...



SUDDENLY...

EEEEEEEEEE! STEVE, LOOK!

GREAT SCOTT! WHAT IS IT? S-SOME KIND OF FIEND!

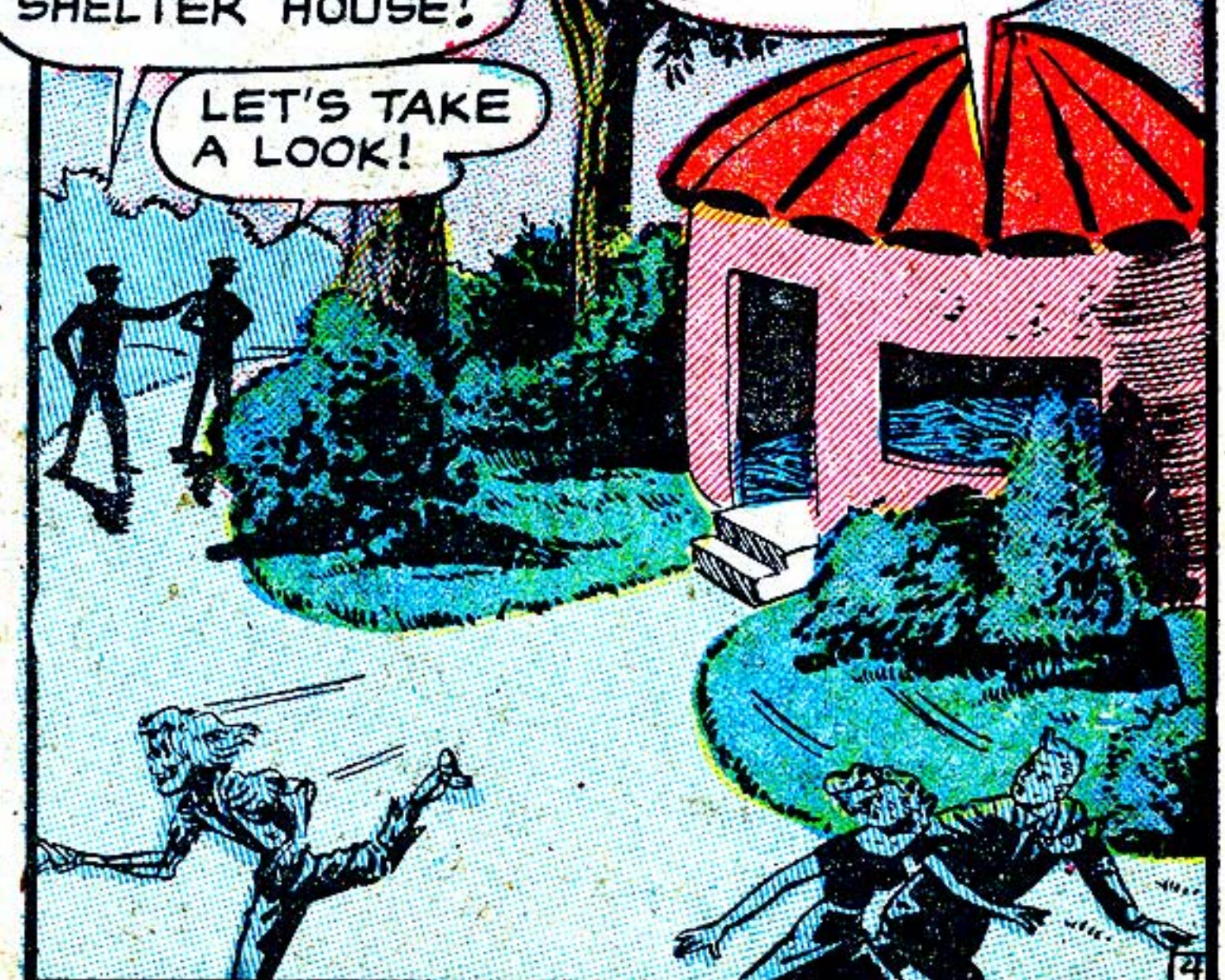
N-NO, PLEASE! I WON'T HARM YOU! I'M GOING NOW!

THE POLICE CATCH UP...

MUST BE AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE! MAYBE IN THAT SHELTER HOUSE!

RUN, HONEY! WE DON'T WANT TO GET MIXED UP IN ANYTHING!

LET'S TAKE A LOOK!





BUT THE THING IS SEEN AND SURROUNDED BY A MORE POLICE! THEY MUST HAVE CALLED OUT EVERY COP IN TOWN!

THERE HE IS! I'VE GOT HIM IN MY LIGHTS! THERE, IN THE PLAYGROUND — GET HIM!

I SEE HIM, TOO! BUT JUST HOW DO WE CATCH HIM? YOU TELL ME!

OKAY, YOU! BETTER GIVE UP NOW! YOU CAN'T GET AWAY AGAIN!

YEAH! WE DON'T WANT TO HAVE TO SHOOT YOU IN COLD BLOOD! COME ON OUT OF THERE WITH YOUR HANDS UP!

YOU POOR FOOLS!

HEE-HEE! WASTING MORE OF THEIR BULLETS ON ME! THEY NEVER LEARN — BUT THEN HOW CAN THEY KNOW I'VE BEEN DEAD FOR A HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS!

CHILD'S PLAY! SO I MIGHT AS WELL PLAY LIKE A CHILD! THESE RINGS WILL DO THE TRICK! HAH — THEY MUST HAVE SHOT ME FIFTY TIMES BY NOW!

HO-HO! DON'T YOU KNOW THAT BULLETS CAN'T KILL OLD BONES! BUT TAKE A GOOD LOOK — YOU'LL BE LIKE ME SOON ENOUGH! ONLY YOU'LL NEVER GET OUT OF YOUR GRAVES!

A POLICE CAPTAIN SENDS A FRANTIC CALL BACK TO HEADQUARTERS...

THIS IS O'BRIEN! LISTEN CAREFULLY! WE'VE RUN INTO SOMETHING TERRIBLE, UNCANNY! PUT OUT AN A.P.B. ON A — SKELETON, AGE UNKNOWN, DECAYED AND OBVIOUSLY DEAD! WHAT? NO — I'M NOT CRAZY!

MEANTIME, THE THING HAS ESCAPED AGAIN...

HEE-HEE! HOW MUCH BETTER IT WOULD BE IF THEY WOULD JUST LET ME ALONE! LOOK AT THAT STARING FOOL!

HUH! AAAAAAA —



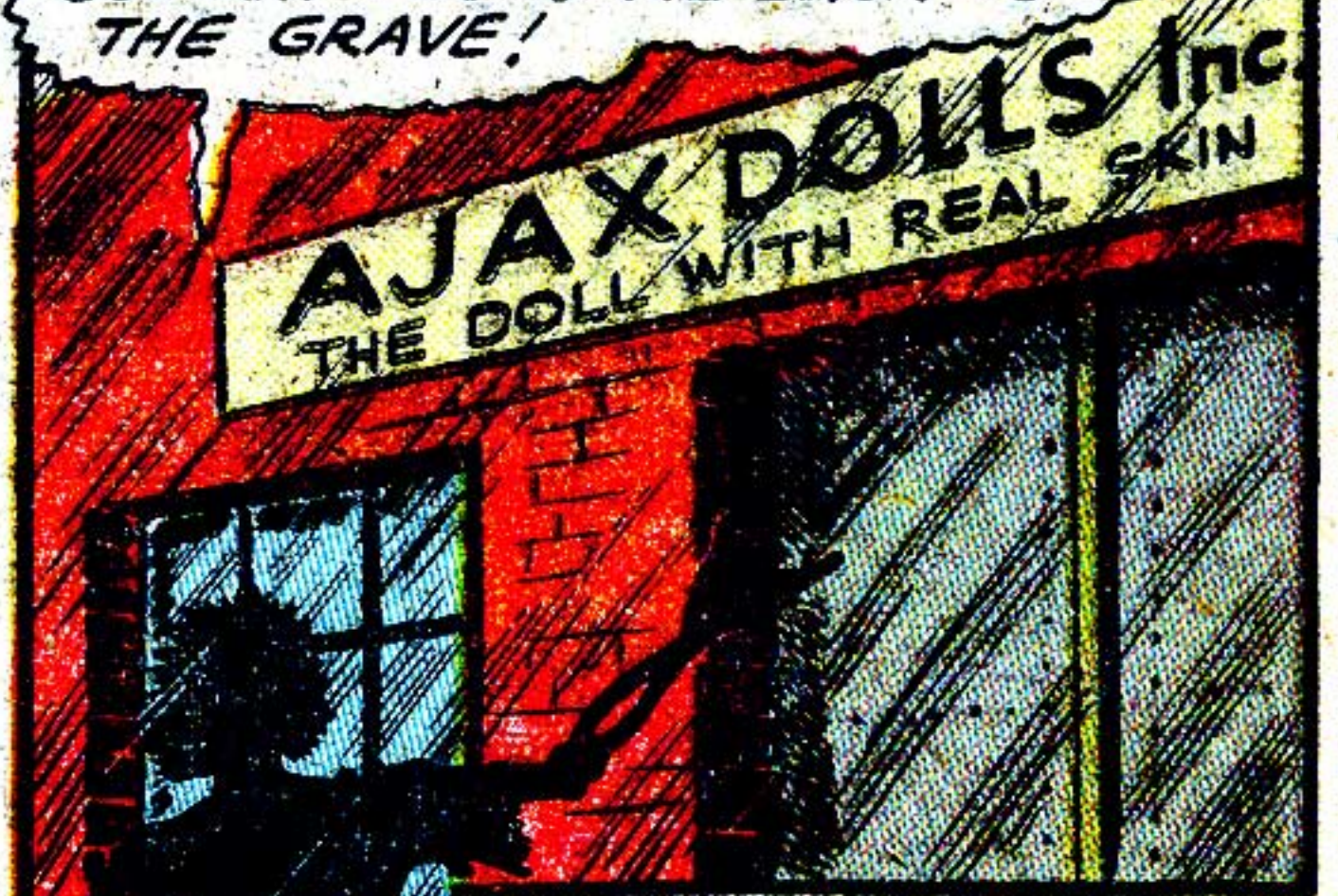


THE THING FROM THE GRAVE, REMEMBERING NOW, WANDERS IN THE STORMY NIGHT...

YES, I REMEMBER IT ALL NOW! I K-KILLED A POLICEMAN A LONG TIME AGO! IN—(CHUCKLE)—1803! THEY PUT ME IN PRISON, BUT I TRIED TO ESCAPE AND THEY SHOT ME! JUST LIKE THEY TRIED TO DO TONIGHT! BUT THE LIGHTNING MADE ME LIVE AND I'M NOT GOING TO LET THEM DO IT AGAIN!



A PLACE WHERE THEY MAKE DOLLS! HMMMM—WAIT A MINUTE! REAL SKIN! IF—IF I HAD REAL SKIN I WOULD LOOK LIKE ANYBODY ELSE! THEY COULDN'T FIND ME THEN, COULDN'T SEND ME BACK TO THE GRAVE!



GOOD RIDDANCE! BUT WHAT IS THAT STUFF IN THE VAT? I WONDER IF IT COULD BE THE CHEMICAL THEY USE TO MAKE SKIN? I'LL HAVE TO FIND OUT!

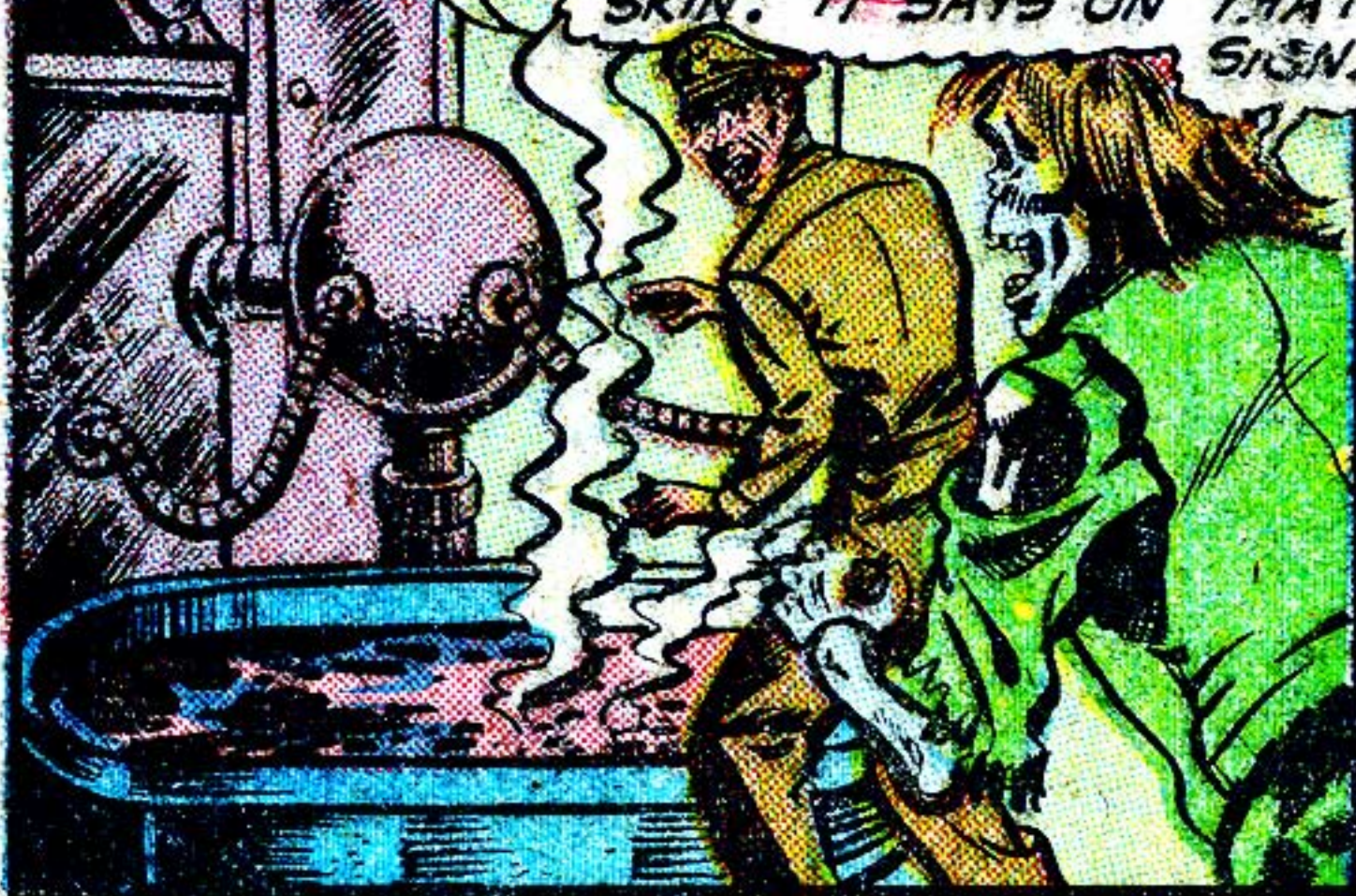
MOMENTS LATER THE WATCHMAN FOR AJAX HEARS SOMETHING BEHIND HIM! HE TURNS AND...

HUH? W-WHO? AEEEEEEEE—

BE QUIET, YOU FOOL! I DON'T WANT TO HURT YOU! ALL I WANT IS SOME OF YOUR SKIN! REAL SKIN! IT SAYS ON THAT SIGN...

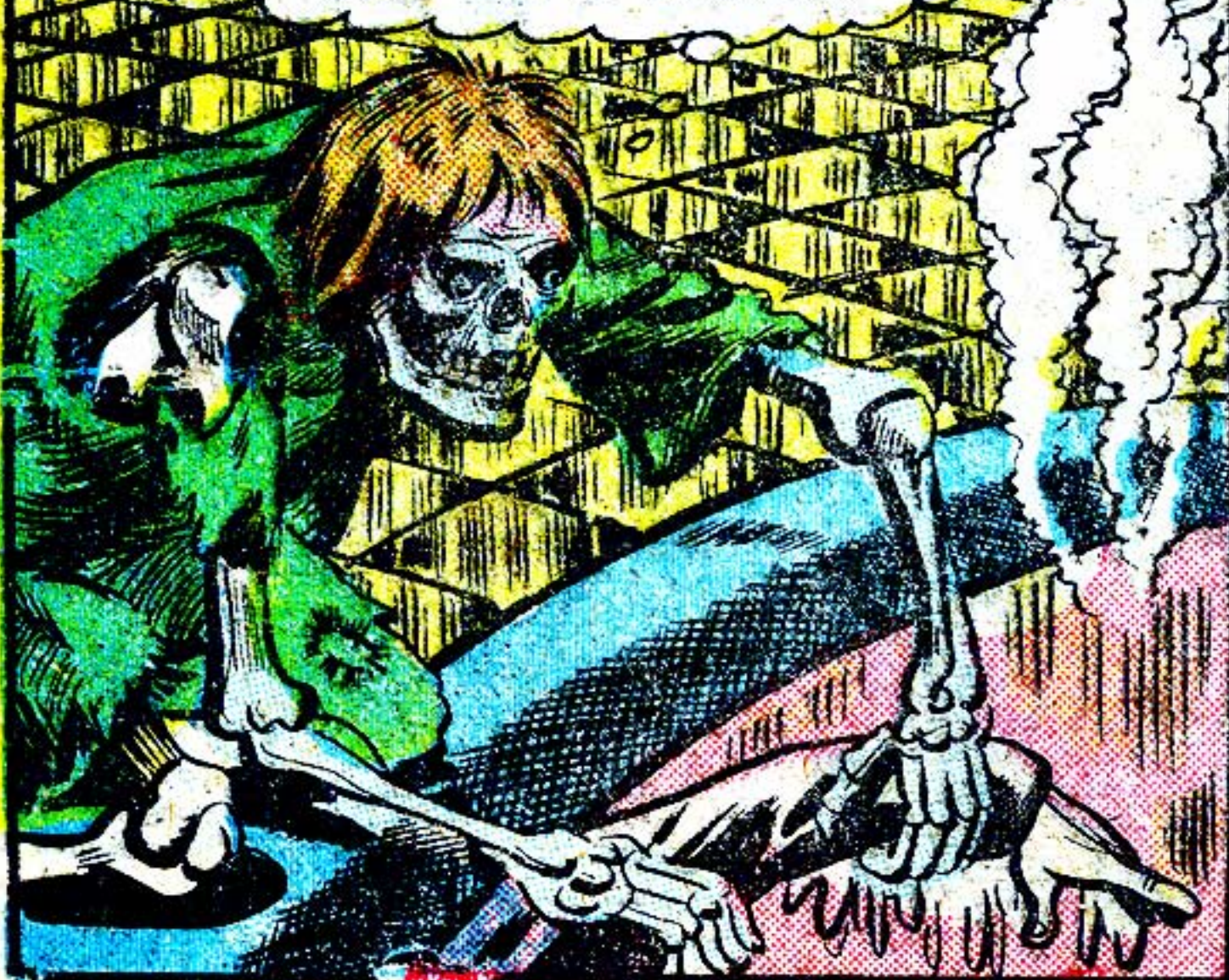
SENSELESS WITH TERROR, THE MAN SLIPS AND PLUNGES INTO A VAT OF PLASTIC USED FOR MAKING THE LIFE-LIKE DOLLS...

YIII—HELP! FALLING! GAAAAA—



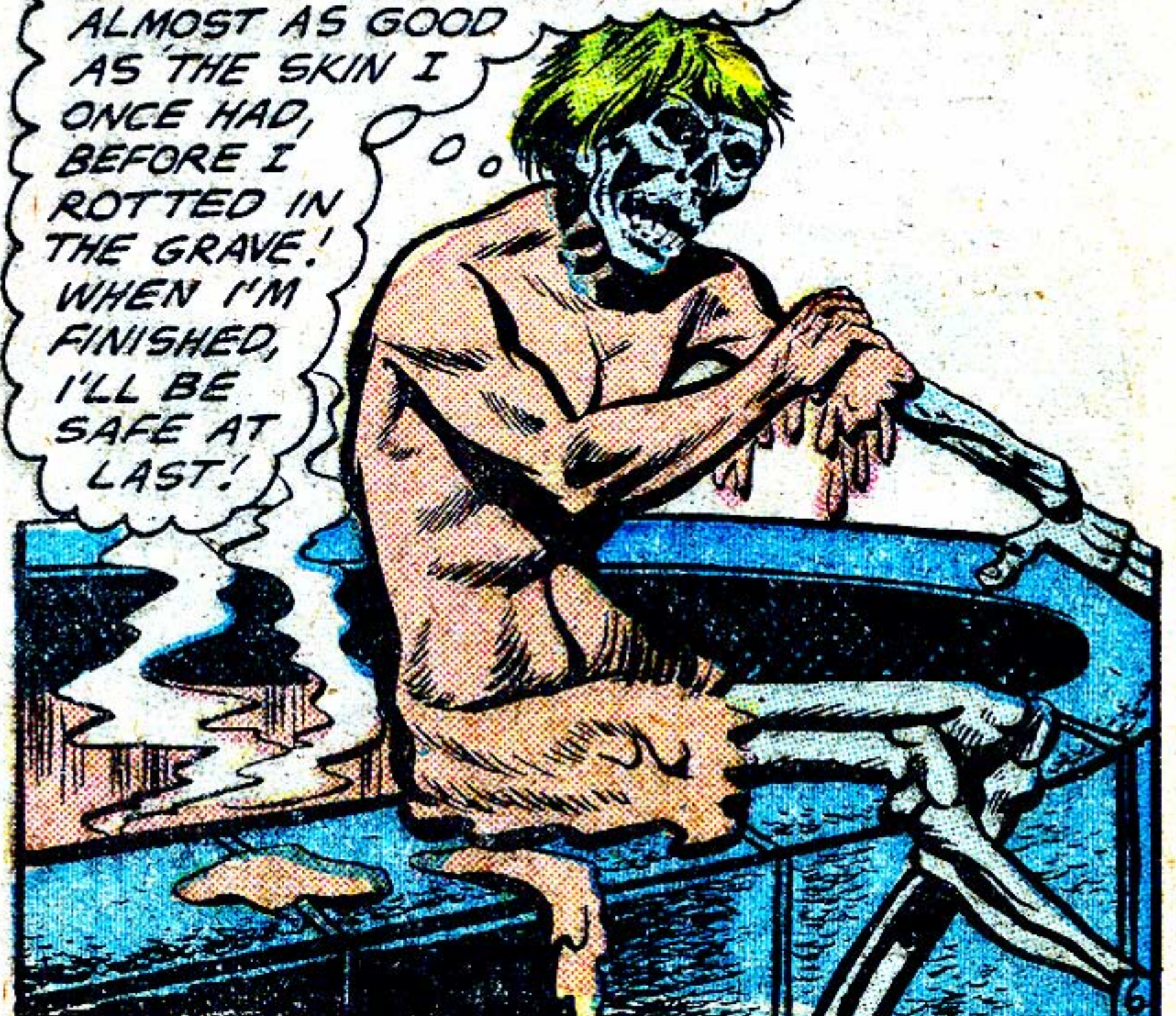
WHEN THE WATCHMAN IS DEAD, THE THING, ITS ROTTED BRAIN STILL SHREWD, GOES TO WORK...

HMMM—THIS MUST BE THE STUFF! IT'S NOT REAL SKIN, BUT IT MIGHT DO! SEE HOW IT STICKS TO HIM! NOW IF I CAN...



IT DOES...

WHOEVER INVENTED THIS ARTIFICIAL SKIN DID ME A REAL FAVOR! IT'S ALMOST AS GOOD AS THE SKIN I ONCE HAD, BEFORE I ROTTED IN THE GRAVE! WHEN I'M FINISHED, I'LL BE SAFE AT LAST!





ITS ROTTEN BONES, CLOTHED IN PLASTIC FLESH, THE THING SEARCHES THE FACTORY LOCKERS...

GOOD! NOW THAT I FOUND CLOTHES, I CAN GO WHERE I PLEASE, DO WHAT I WANT TO! I CAN BEGIN TO ENJOY MY NEW LIFE AND MY NEW BODY INSTEAD OF BEING HUNTED ALL THE TIME!

LATER...

SUDDENLY I'M VERY TIRED! I CAN HARDLY DRAG MY NEW BODY ALONG! YOU WOULD THINK THAT AFTER 150 YEARS OF SLEEP I WOULD—(YAWN)—NEVER WANT TO SLEEP AGAIN, BUT I—(HO-HUM)—MUST!



JUST THE THING! NOBODY WILL DISTURB ME IN THIS VACANT HOUSE! I'LL HAVE A GOOD SLEEP AND TOMORROW I CAN LEAVE THIS TOWN FOREVER!



THE FURNITURE IS STILL HERE! FINE! THAT MEANS I'LL PROBABLY FIND A COMFORTABLE BED UPSTAIRS! AH, IT WILL BE GOOD TO SLEEP IN A BED AGAIN AFTER SO MANY YEARS IN A GRAVE!



BUT ENTER FATE IN THE PERSONS OF MR. AND MRS. HENRY WEST, OWNERS OF THE HOUSE, WHO HAVE BEEN UP TO A LITTLE MISCHIEF OF THEIR OWN...

HENRY! EEEEE!



W-WHO ARE YOU? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

HUH?

BUT AGAIN THE THING IS ATTACKED—AND RAVAGING MURDER BREAKS LOOSE IN ITS LONG DECAYED HEART...

YOU'RE A SPY FROM THE INSURANCE COMPANY! YOU KNOW! BUT YOU'LL NEVER LIVE TO TELL ANYBODY! I'LL KILL YOU!

STAY AWAY! I DON'T WANT TO KILL ANYONE ELSE! KEEP BACK! I WARN YOU!



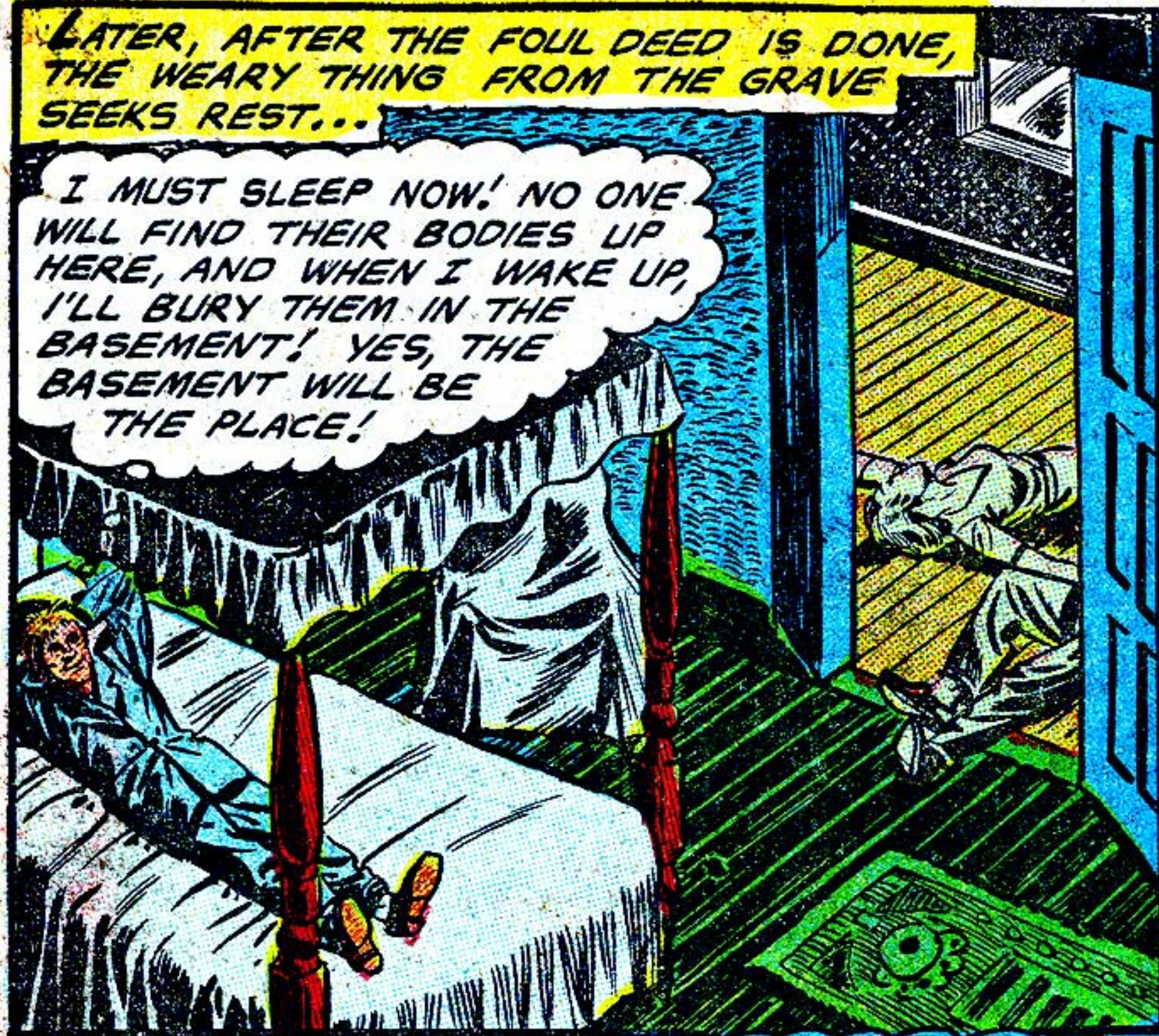
FOOLS! WHY WON'T YOU LEAVE ME ALONE? NOW I'LL HAVE TO KILL YOU BOTH! YOU SEE! LIKE THIS—AND THIS! IF ONLY YOU HAD LEFT ME IN PEACE...



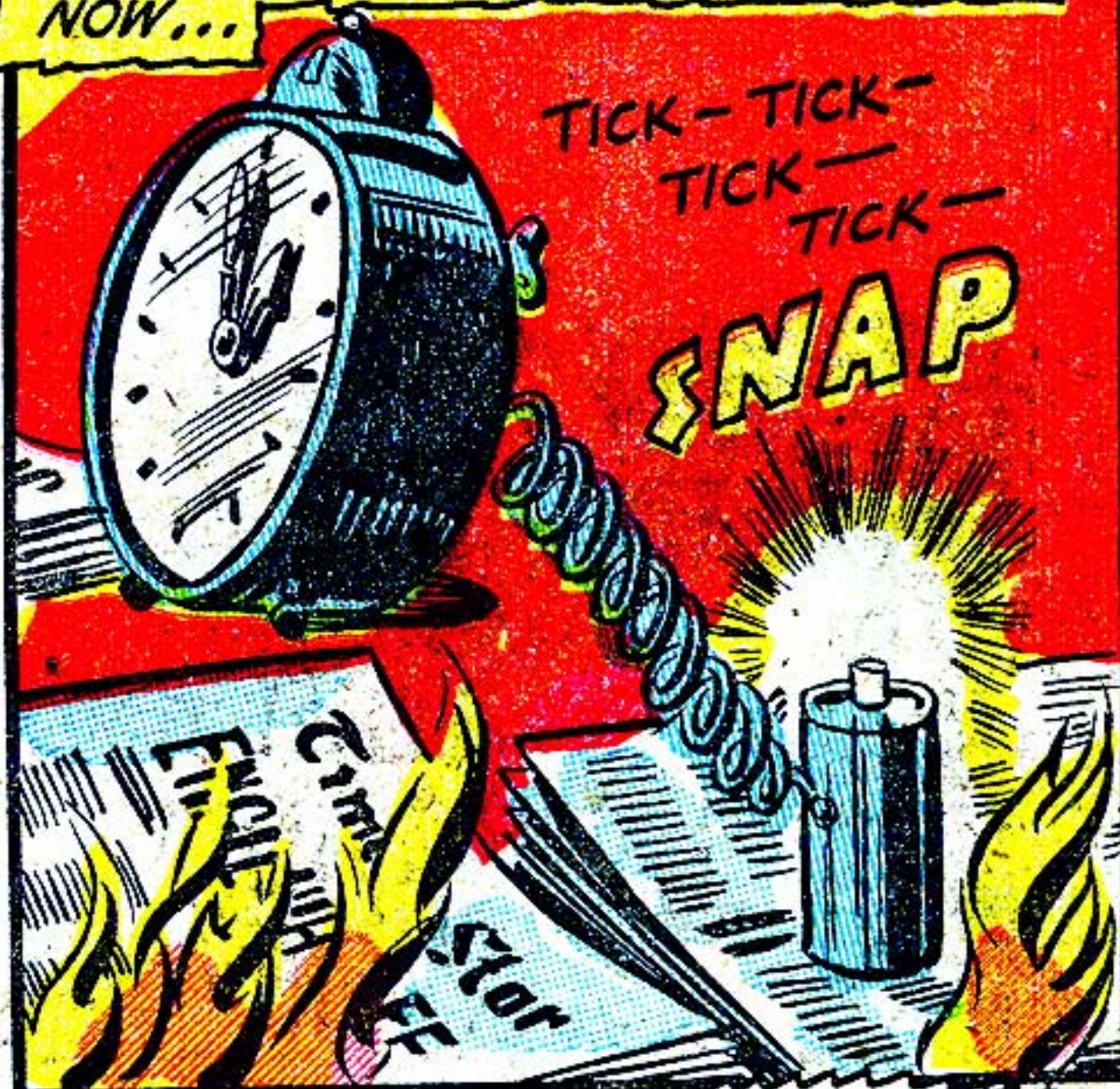


LATER, AFTER THE FOUL DEED IS DONE, THE WEARY THING FROM THE GRAVE SEEKS REST...

I MUST SLEEP NOW! NO ONE WILL FIND THEIR BODIES UP HERE, AND WHEN I WAKE UP, I'LL BURY THEM IN THE BASEMENT! YES, THE BASEMENT WILL BE THE PLACE!

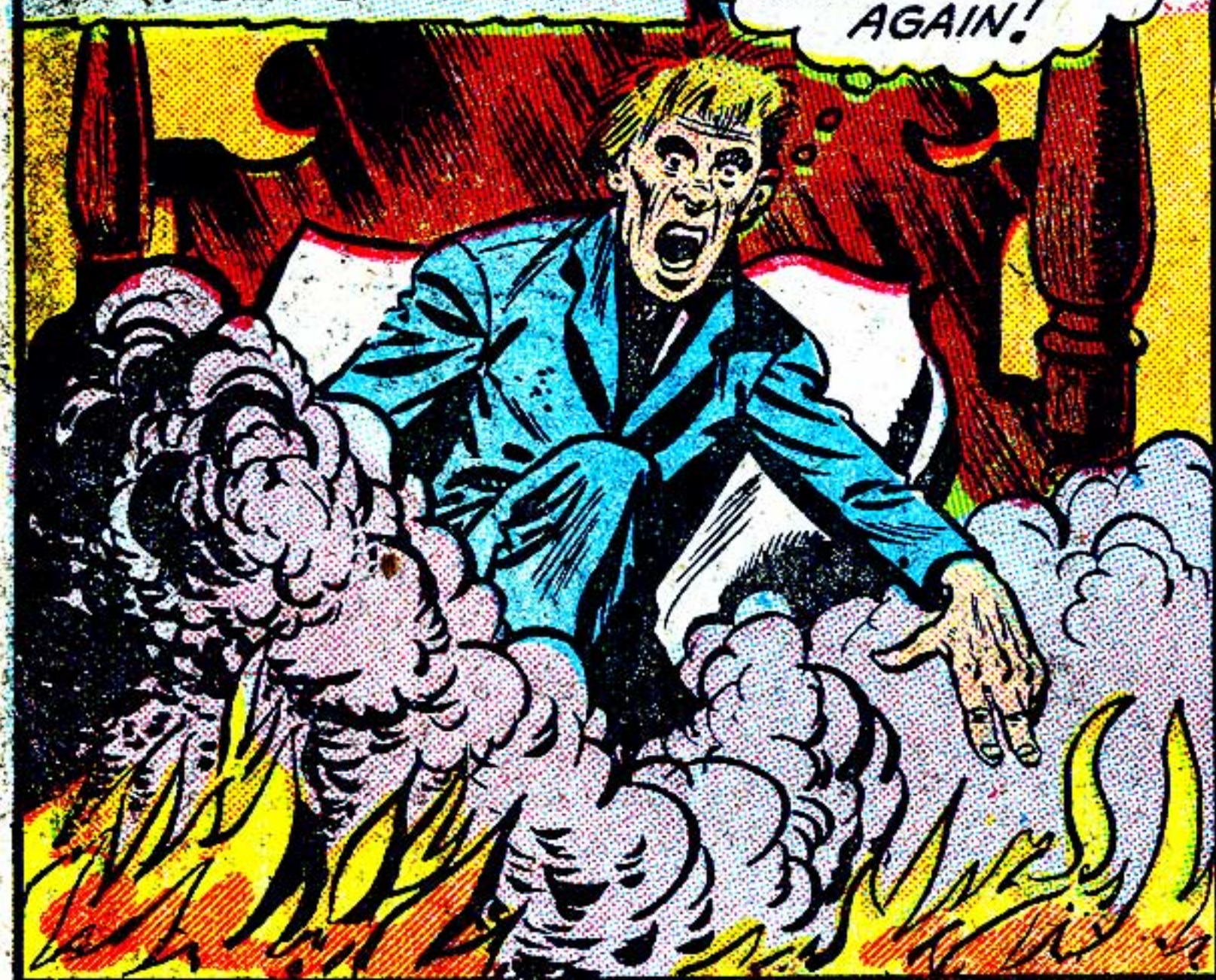


SOME HOURS LATER, IN THE BASEMENT, THE PLAN OF MR. AND MRS. WEST COMES TO FRUITION! THEY HAD SCHEMED TO BURN THEIR HOME FOR THE INSURANCE, AND NOW...



MINUTES PASS AND THEN THE DAZED THING STAGGERS TO ITS FEET IN A SEA OF FLAME...

F-FIRE! THE HOUSE IS BURNING! M-MUST GET OUT! I DON'T WANT TO DIE AGAIN!



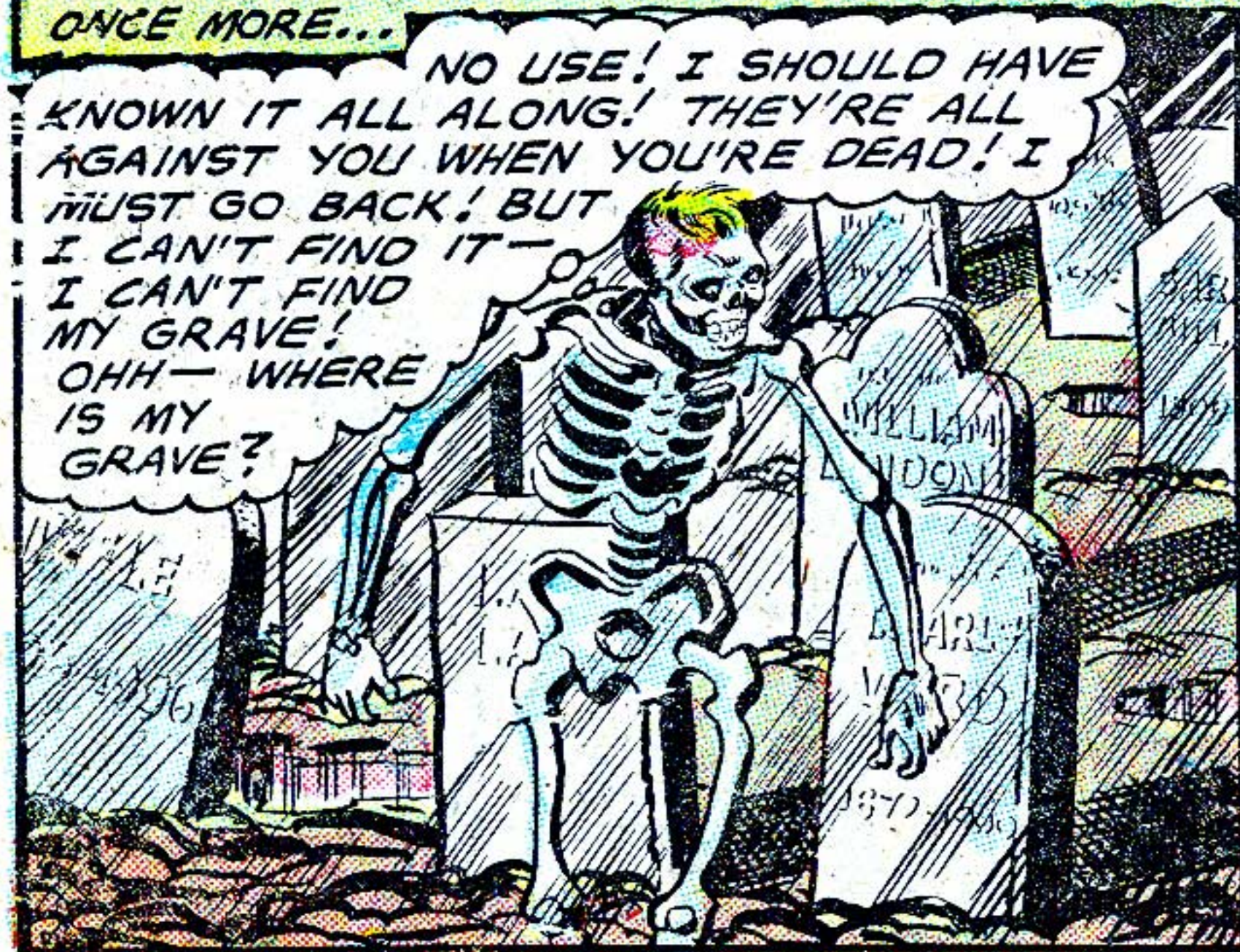
YIIIIIIII — MY NEW SKIN! B-BURNING! I'LL BE DESTROYED!

AHGGGGG—



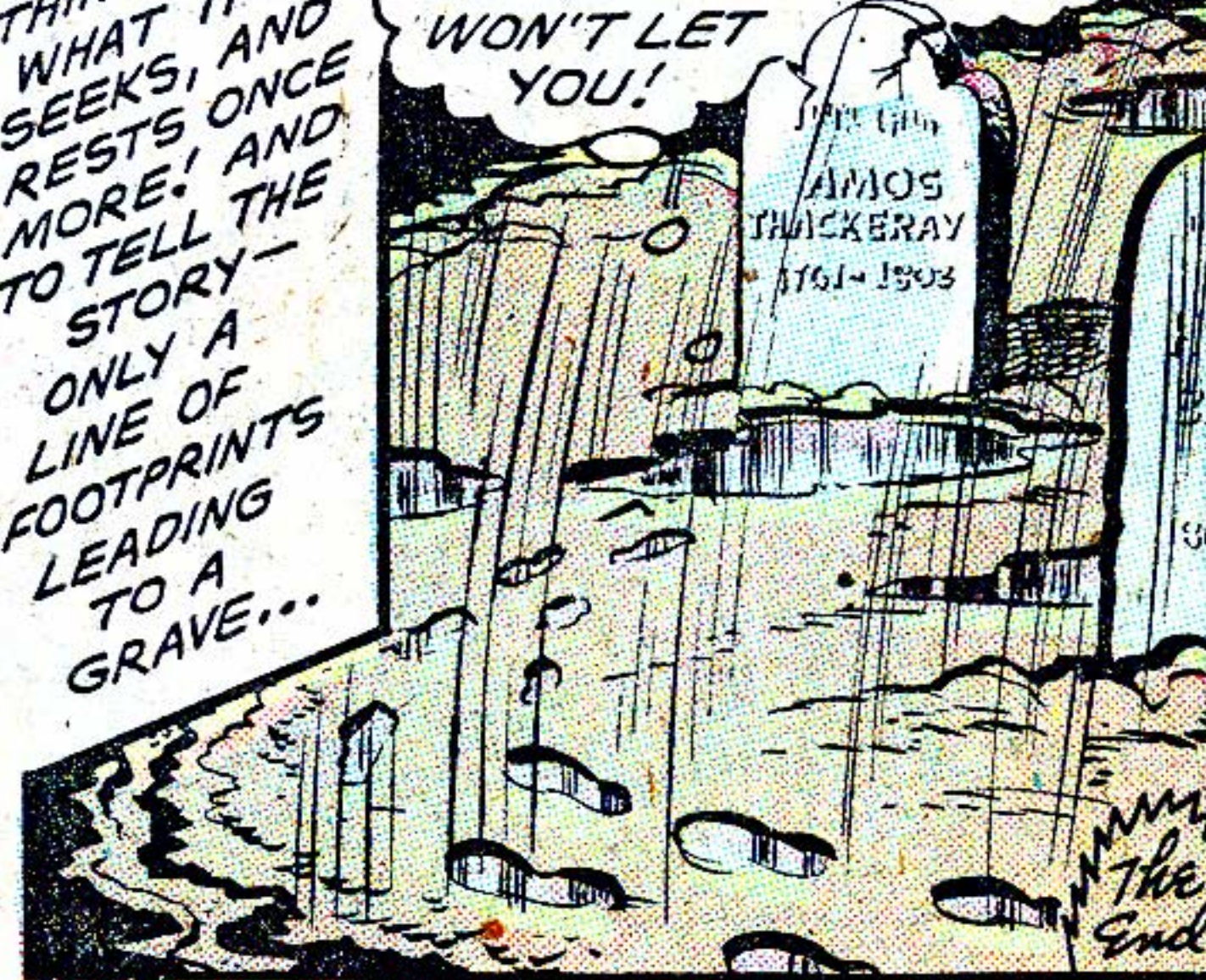
AS THE FIRST FAINT STREAKS OF DAWN APPEAR AND THE STORM BEGINS TO BLOW ITSELF AWAY, A HORRID FIGURE APPROACHES THE CEMETERY ONCE MORE...

NO USE! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT ALL ALONG! THEY'RE ALL AGAINST YOU WHEN YOU'RE DEAD! I MUST GO BACK! BUT I CAN'T FIND IT — I CAN'T FIND MY GRAVE! OH — WHERE IS MY GRAVE?



BUT FINALLY THE THING FINDS WHAT IT SEEKS, AND RESTS ONCE MORE! AND TO TELL THE STORY — ONLY A LINE OF FOOTPRINTS LEADING TO A GRAVE...

HEH-HEH-HEH! APRIL FIRST — APRIL FOOL! NOW I KNOW! THE JOKE WAS ON ME ALL THE TIME! YOU CAN NEVER COME BACK, BECAUSE THE LIVING WON'T LET YOU!

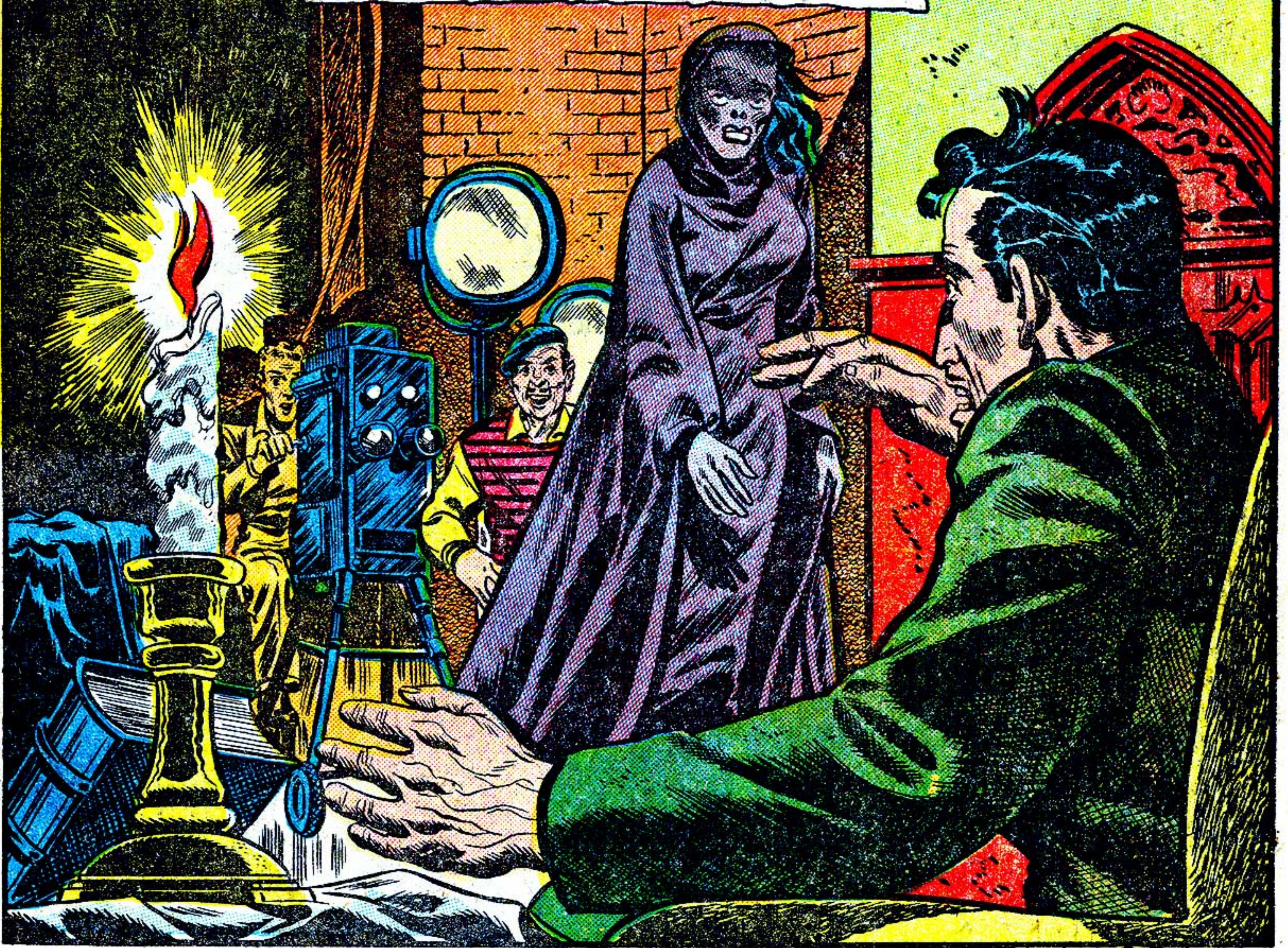


The End



# CORPSE in MAKE-UP

IT WAS ONLY 'MAKE BELIEVE HORROR' — AT FIRST! ALL THE WEIRD PROPS WERE PRESENT, DOWN TO THE COBWEBS IN THE OLD HOUSE, THE MOANING OF WIND IN THE TREES, THE BANSHEE SCREAM IN THE NIGHT! BUT AFTER ALL IT WAS ONLY A MOVIE — UNTIL SOMEHOW MATTERS GOT OUT OF HAND AND THE STORY CAME TO HORRIBLE LIFE! THEN A MAN WHO HAD PLOTTED MURDER RAN SCREAMING DOWN THE DARK CORRIDORS OF FATE, TRYING TO ESCAPE THE FACELESS CORPSE...

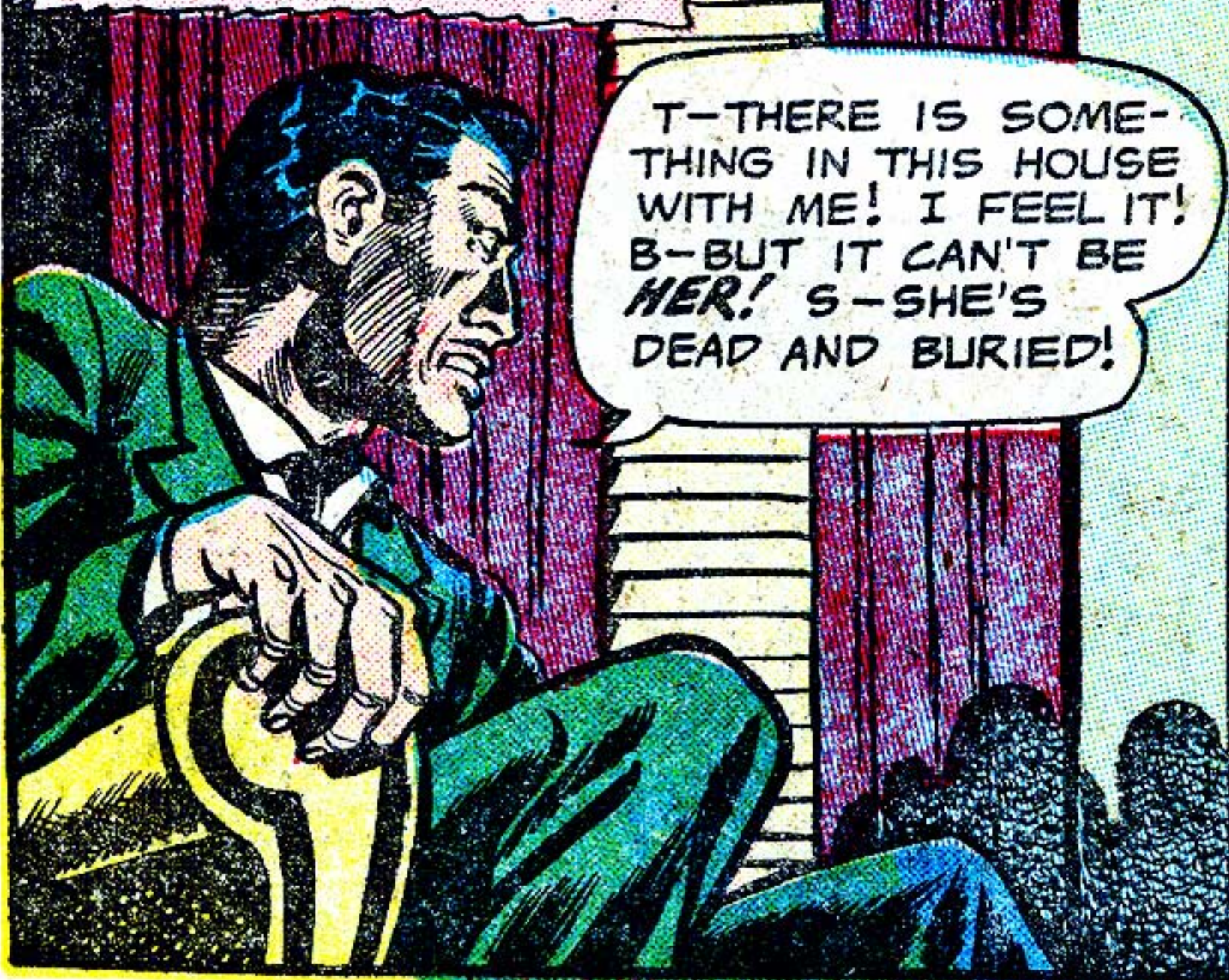


LESLIE PENBERTHY SITS IN AN OLD HOUSE AND LISTENS TO THE CRY OF THE NIGHT WIND, KNOWING THAT SOMETHING UNCANNY IS IN THE HOUSE WITH HIM...

T-THERE IS SOMETHING IN THIS HOUSE WITH ME! I FEEL IT! B-BUT IT CAN'T BE HER! S-SHE'S DEAD AND BURIED!

AAAAAAA— IT IS YOU! YOU'VE COME BACK TO HAUNT ME! Y-YOU KNOW!

YES—I KNOW THAT YOU MURDERED ME! YOU SAID YOU LOVED ME, WHILE ALL THE TIME YOU WERE SCHEMING TO MURDER ME! NOW IT'S MY TURN! I'LL...





NO—NO! CUT! THAT WON'T DO AT ALL, LESLIE! YOU AREN'T FRIGHTENED ENOUGH! AND YOU, MONA, DON'T MAKE A VERY CONVINCING CORPSE FROM THE GRAVE! THAT MAKE-UP IS ALL WRONG!



UGH! I DON'T KNOW WHY I TOOK THIS PART ANYWAY! I'M MUCH TOO BEAUTIFUL TO BE HIDDEN BY MAKE-UP LIKE THIS! THIS IS THE LAST HORROR PICTURE I'LL EVER DO!

NOW, DARLING, DON'T GO TEMPERAMENTAL ON ME! THE PICTURE IS ALMOST OVER—A COUPLE MORE SCENES AND WE'RE FINISHED!



DARLINGS, YOU'VE BEEN FIGHTING AGAIN! SO NATURALLY YOU CAN'T ACT TOGETHER! DELIVER ME FROM THESE HUSBAND AND WIFE TEAMS!

COME NOW, MAX! IT WASN'T THAT BAD!

AND WHAT'S WRONG WITH MY MAKE-UP?

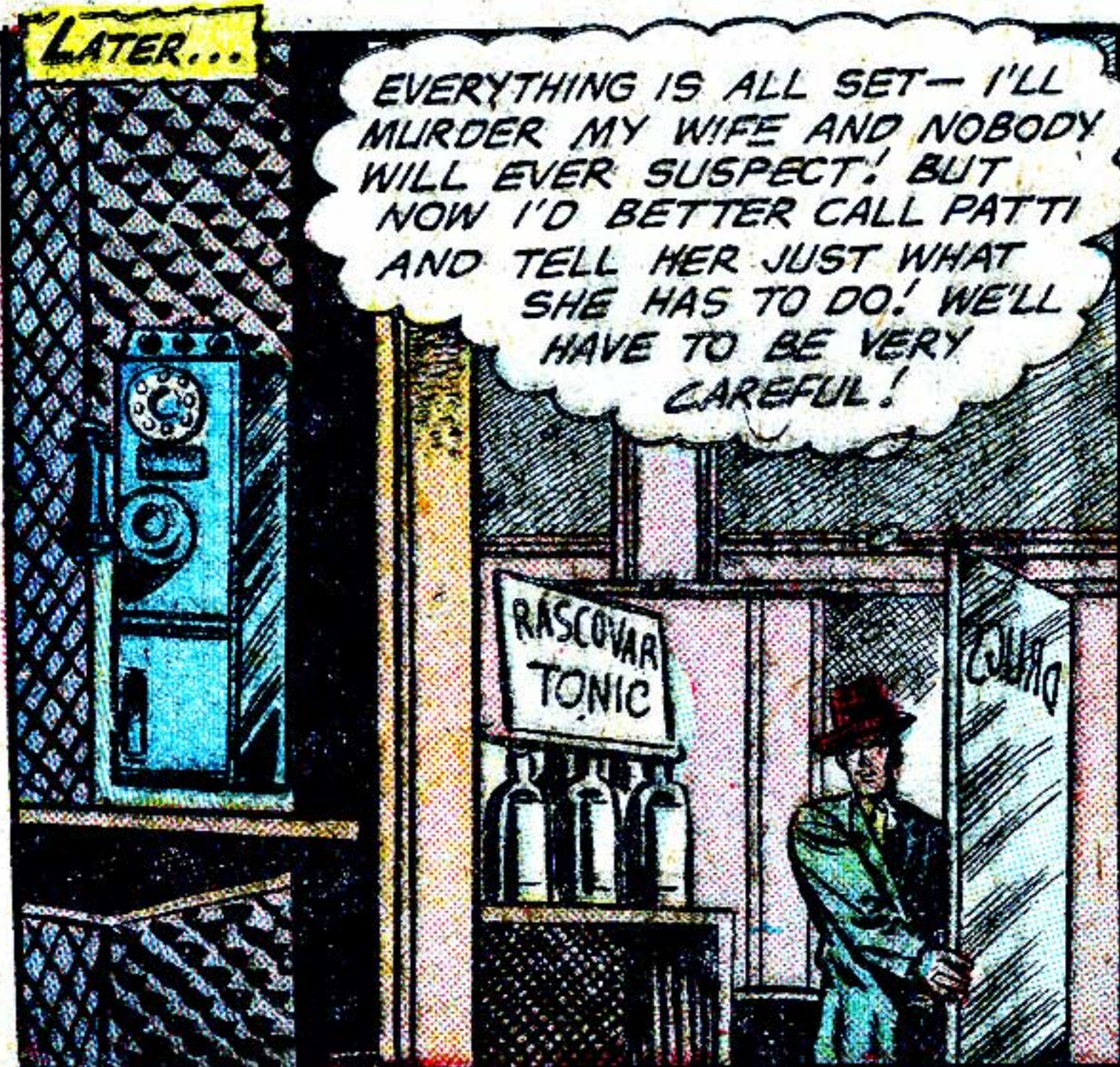


HER LIFE IS ALMOST OVER, TOO, ONLY SHE DOESN'T KNOW IT! HOW I HATE THAT WOMAN! I'LL BE GLAD WHEN SHE'S DEAD—REALLY GLAD!



LATER...

EVERYTHING IS ALL SET—I'LL MURDER MY WIFE AND NOBODY WILL EVER SUSPECT! BUT NOW I'D BETTER CALL PATTI AND TELL HER JUST WHAT SHE HAS TO DO! WE'LL HAVE TO BE VERY CAREFUL!



PATTI, DARLING, I'VE FIGURED OUT A WAY TO DO IT! AND IT'S ABSOLUTELY FOOLPROOF! BUT WE MUSTN'T SEE OR TALK TO EACH OTHER AGAIN UNTIL IT'S OVER! YOU UNDERSTAND?

I UNDERSTAND, LESLIE! I'LL BE WAITING—ONLY BE CAREFUL!





**A LARGE PART OF LESLIE'S PLAN DEPENDS ON THE FACT THAT HIS WIFE MONA LIKES TO FLY HER OWN PLANE! TWO DAYS LATER...**

MONA? YOU'RE GOING TO BE LATE IF YOU DON'T HURRY! YOU MUSTN'T DISAPPOINT THE BOYS AT CAMP CORRIGAN!

I WON'T! I CAN FLY THERE IN A FEW HOURS, DO THE U.S.O. SHOW, AND BE BACK EARLY, TOMORROW! SURE YOU WON'T COME WITH ME?

HARDLY, MY DEAR! NOT WHILE YOU'RE CARRYING THIS LITTLE CLOCK WITH YOU IN YOUR SUITCASE! I DID A GOOD JOB, TOO! THEY'RE EXACTLY ALIKE—ALMOST!

**LATER, ON THE WAY TO THE AIRPORT...**

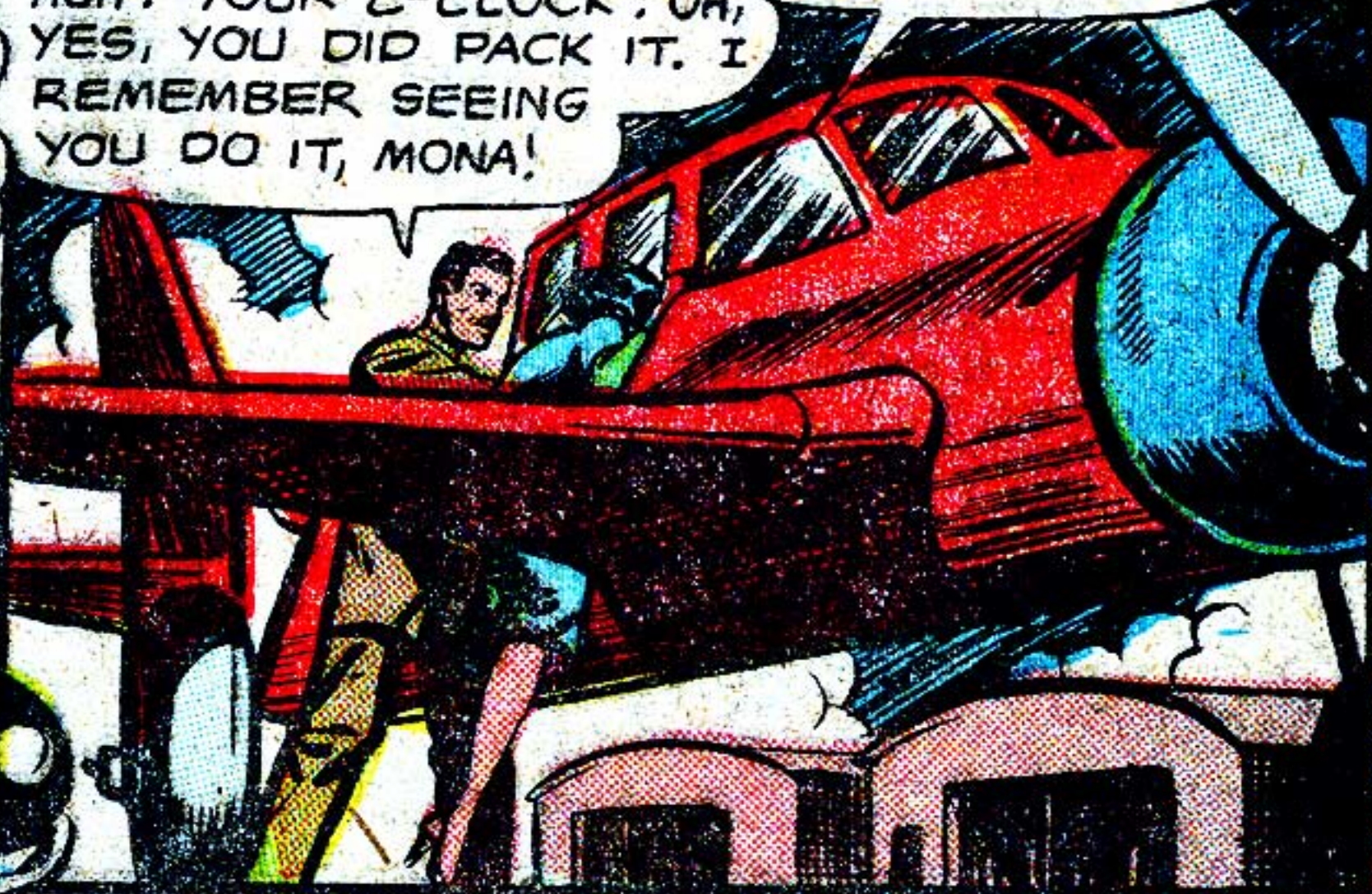
OH, I'M GLAD THAT PICTURE IS OVER! WHEN I GET BACK, WE CAN JUST RELAX FOR A TIME, DARLING! MAYBE GO AWAY FOR A NICE TRIP!

OF COURSE!

YOU'LL BE GOING AWAY, ALL RIGHT! FOR A VERY LONG TRIP!

OH, DARLING, DO YOU REMEMBER WHETHER OR NOT I PACKED MY CLOCK? I CAN'T SEEM TO REMEMBER!

HUH? YOUR C-CLOCK? OH, YES, YOU DID PACK IT. I REMEMBER SEEING YOU DO IT, MONA!



GOODBYE, MONA! I KNEW YOU WOULD NEVER CONSENT TO DIVORCE ME, SO IT HAD TO BE THIS WAY! IN ABOUT AN HOUR NOW IT WILL BE ALL OVER! AND THE FIRE WILL DESTROY ALL THE EVIDENCE!

**LATER THAT NIGHT AS HE WAITS FOR NEWS THAT HIS WIFE HAS CRASHED...**

FUNNY! THAT I'VE HEARD NOTHING! THE CLOCK-BOMB WAS TIMED TO GO OFF IN ONE HOUR AND—OH, THAT MUST BE THE NEWS NOW! SOMEONE CALLING TO TELL ME THAT MY POOR WIFE HAS HAD AN ACCIDENT!

**BUT...**

LESLIE! BAD NEWS! I SAW THE RUSHES TODAY AND WE'LL HAVE TO SHOOT THE LAST SCENE OVER! THE ONE WHERE YOUR MURDERED WIFE COMES BACK AS A GHOST AND KILLS YOU!

HUH?

IS THAT

ALL—I

MEAN, SURE,

MAX! I—I'LL

TELL MONA

WHEN SHE GETS

BACK FROM

PLAYING THIS

U.S.O. SHOW!

SEE YOU IN THE

MORNING!





LESLIE KNOWS THAT HE WILL NEVER PLAY THAT SCENE WITH MONA, YET HE CAN SAY NOTHING! BUT WHEN MORNING ARRIVES, THERE IS STILL NO WORD...

HAH — AS IF I DIDN'T KNOW!

STOP WORRYING! NOTHING EVER HAPPENS TO MONA! DID YOU LEAVE WORD FOR HER?

OF COURSE! BUT I'M STILL WORRIED! I'VE ASKED HER A HUNDRED TIMES TO GIVE UP FLYING!

BETTER NOT ACT TOO WORRIED! BUT IT IS STRANGE THAT THE CRASH HASN'T BEEN REPORTED YET!

HELLO, LESLIE! WHERE'S MONA? WE'LL JUST DO THIS ONE SCENE OVER AND...

I'M WORRIED, MAX! SHE HASN'T COME HOME YET, OR CALLED! I'M AFRAID SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED TO HER!

BLAST IT, I WANTED TO START EARLY! IT'S HER MAKE-UP FOR THE CORPSE THAT WASN'T RIGHT, YOU KNOW! SHE DIDN'T REALLY LOOK LIKE A CORPSE IN THAT LAST SCENE, AND I WANTED A SPECIAL JOB DONE ON HER THIS TIME!

DON'T WORRY, MAX! SOMEONE HAS DONE A VERY SPECIAL JOB ON ME! DO I LOOK ENOUGH LIKE A CORPSE TO SUIT YOU NOW?

MONA! THANK GOODNESS YOU'RE HERE! AND THAT MAKE-UP IS TERRIFIC! ABSOLUTELY TERRIFIC!

M-MONA!

THE N-NOTE? OH, SURE, THE NOTE! I—I WAS VERY WORRIED ABOUT YOU, MONA!

SHALL WE START NOW, LESLIE? THIS TIME LET'S REALLY TRY TO MAKE IT GOOD, SHALL WE? TRY TO ACT AS IF YOU HAD REALLY MURDERED ME AND I'VE COME BACK FOR MY REVENGE!

FEAR EXPLODES LIKE A MILLION FIRECRACKERS IN THE BRAIN OF LESLIE PENBERTHY! HIS WIFE IS SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD, HER PLANE BLOWN APART BY A BOMB, AND YET...

WHAT'S THE MATTER, LESLIE? YOU SEEM SURPRISED TO SEE ME! I FOUND YOUR NOTE WHEN I GOT HOME AND CAME STRAIGHT TO THE STUDIO...

A GOOD THING I DID LEAVE A NOTE, JUST TO BE CONVINCING!

M-MAYBE THERE'S A CHANCE YET!



# JOURNEY INTO FEAR

LIGHTS—ACTION—CAMERA! THE SCENE BEGINS AS BEFORE, WITH LESLIE PENBERTHY SITTING IN AN OLD HOUSE KNOWING THAT SOMETHING UNCANNY IS WITH HIM...

M—MAYBE SHE REALLY DOESN'T KNOW! THE BOMB MUST HAVE FAILED, BUT ALL SHE KNOWS IS THAT HER CLOCK STOPPED! THAT MUST BE IT! IT'S ONLY MY NERVES, MY CONSCIENCE, THAT MAKES ME AFRAID OF HER!

AAAAAA— IT IS YOU! YOU'VE COME BACK TO HAUNT ME! Y-YOU KNOW!

YES— I KNOW THAT YOU MURDERED ME! YOU SAID YOU LOVED ME, WHILE ALL THE TIME YOU WERE SCHEMING TO MURDER ME! NOW IT'S MY TURN! ONLY I WON'T USE A BOMB, LESLIE!

A BOMB? HAS MONA GONE NUTS? THERE'S NOTHING IN THE SCRIPT ABOUT ANYONE USING A BOMB!

BUT LESLIE UNDERSTANDS— AND HIS BLOOD TURNS TO ICE WATER...

GAAA— A B-BOMB! T-THEN YOU— (GASP)— KNOW! YOU KNOW W-WHAT I TRIED TO DO!

TRIED, LESLIE? YOU'RE WRONG! YOU DIDN'T JUST TRY— YOU SUCCEEDED!

FEEL IT, LESLIE! FEEL THE DEAD, CHARRED FLESH! HA—HA—HA! DID YOU REALLY THINK THIS WAS MAKE-UP, YOU FOOL?

AHHHHH— YOU—YOU'RE DEAD! YOU'RE DEAD! YIIIIIIIIII—

YES, MY DARLING HUSBAND! DEAD! COLD AND DEAD AND BURNT TO A CRISP! LOOK AT ME AGAIN! HAH—HAH— YOU'LL NEVER STOP SEEING ME! LOOK— LOOK— LOOK!

THE BLACK HEART OF LESLIE PENBERTHY CAN NO LONGER TAKE IT! A VALVE BURSTS, THE BLOOD SPEWS, AND...

H-HELP! MY— MY HEART! THE PAIN— OHHHHH! D-DYING! EEEEEEE—

GOODBYE, LESLIE! GOODBYEE. I'LL— (CHUCKLE)— BE WAITING FOR YOU! I'LL ALWAYS BE WAITING FOR YOU!

QUICK, SOMEONE! GET A DOCTOR! HURRY!





NO DOCTOR CAN HELP HIM NOW! HAH-HAH! NOTHING CAN HELP HIM!

M-MONA! Y-YOU'RE NOT YOURSELF! SO STRANGE! WHAT'S WRONG? WHY ARE YOU LOOKING AT ME THAT WAY?



LESLIE S-SAID YOU WERE D-DEAD! WHAT DID HE MEAN? MONA! STOP IT! YOU L-LOOK HORRIBLE!

LESLIE SHOULD KNOW, MAX! HE— (CHUCKLE)— KILLED ME! BUT NOW— YOU!



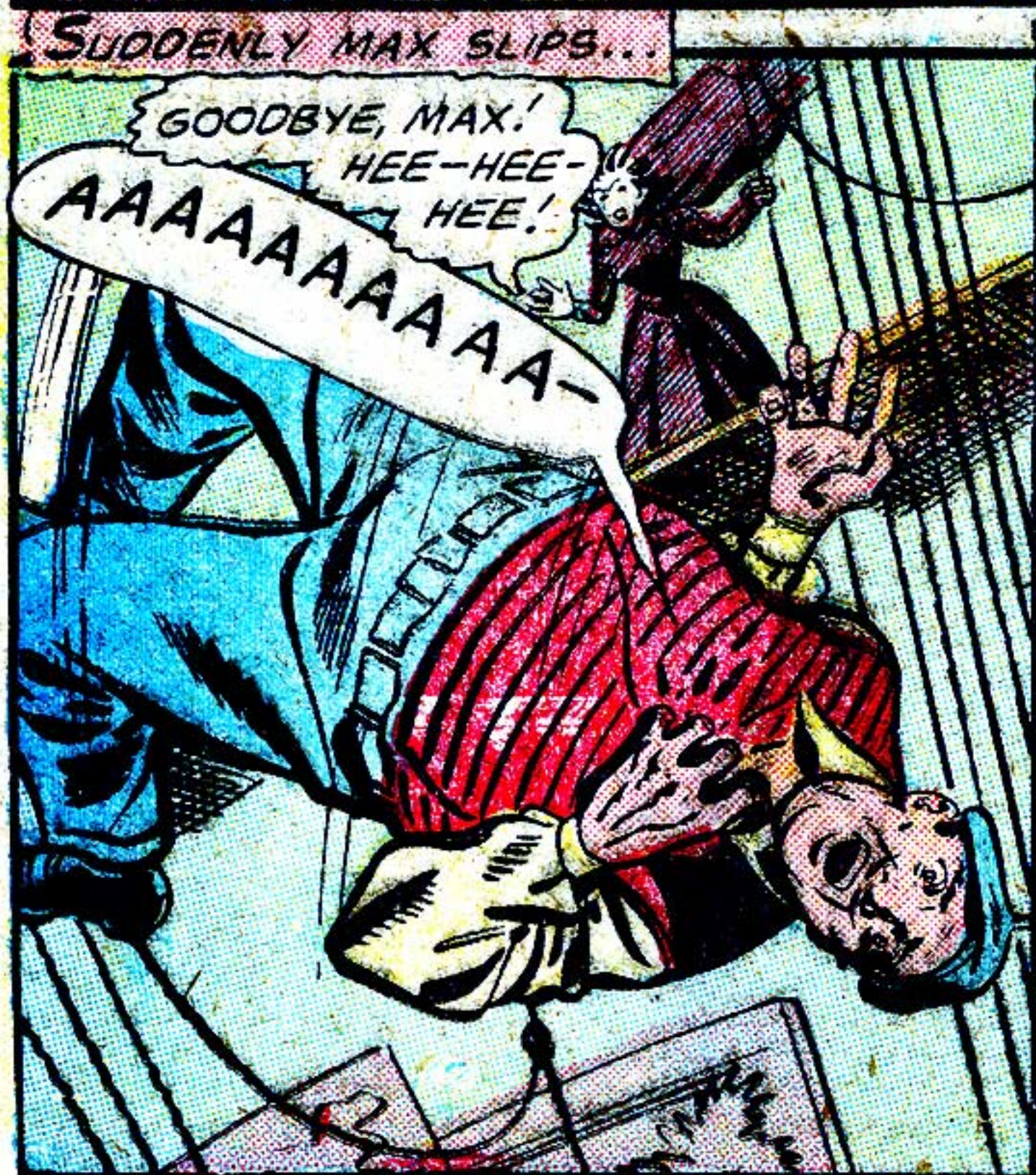
I'VE HATED YOU FOR YEARS, MAX! ALWAYS CRITICAL OF ME, ALWAYS TRYING TO TELL ME HOW TO ACT! YOU NASTY LITTLE MAN! I'LL GET EVEN NOW!

YOWWWW—



NO USE, MAX! YOU CAN'T GET AWAY FROM ME! I'LL GET YOU SOONER OR LATER!

YIIII—STAY AWAY FROM ME! YOU'RE CRAZY— OR DEAD! HELP!



SUDDENLY MAX SLIPS...

GOODBYE, MAX! HEE-HEE-HEE! AAAAAAAA—

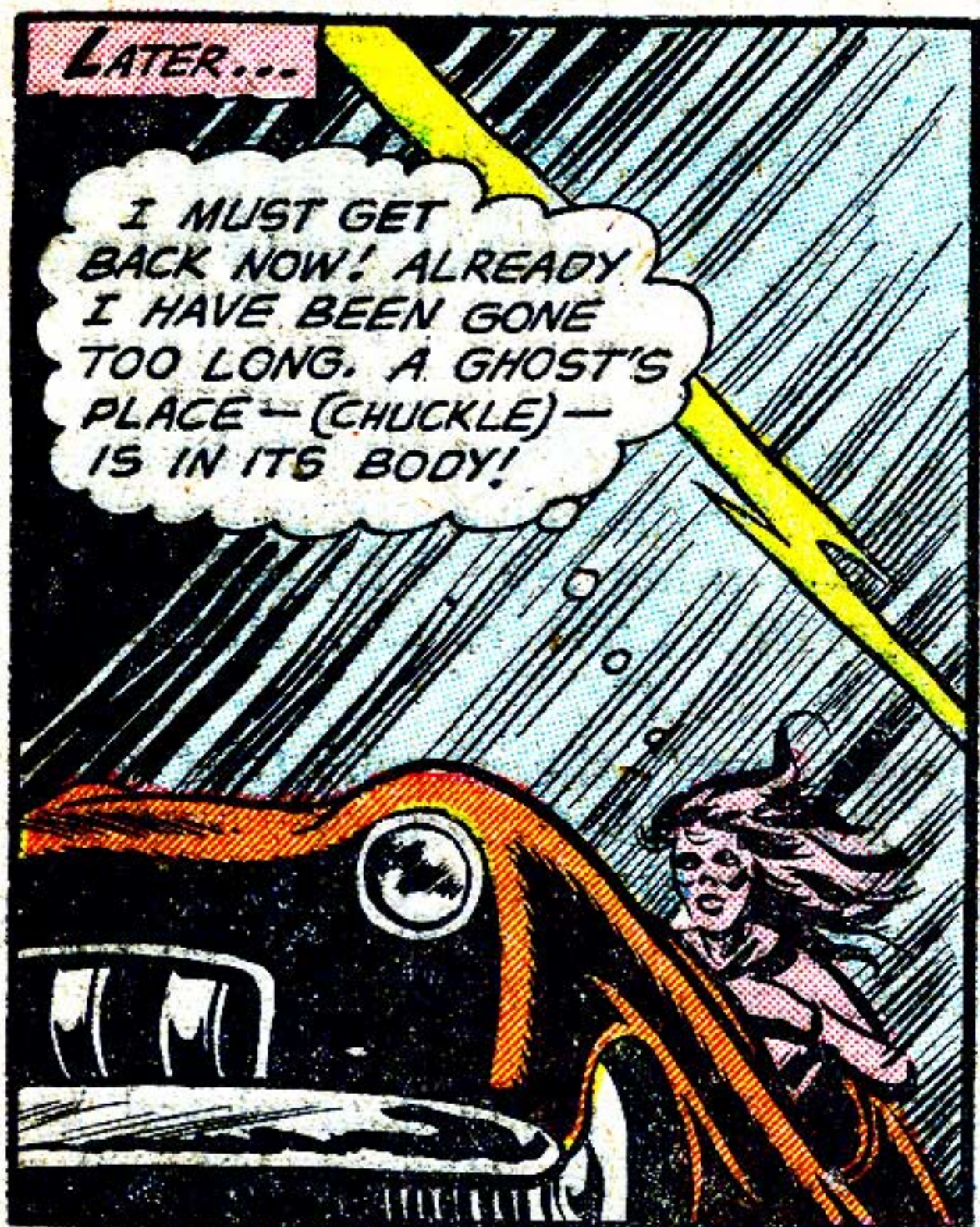


LATER, AS MONA LEAVES THE STUDIO...

GOOD NIGHT, BEN! I WON'T BE SEEING YOU AGAIN!

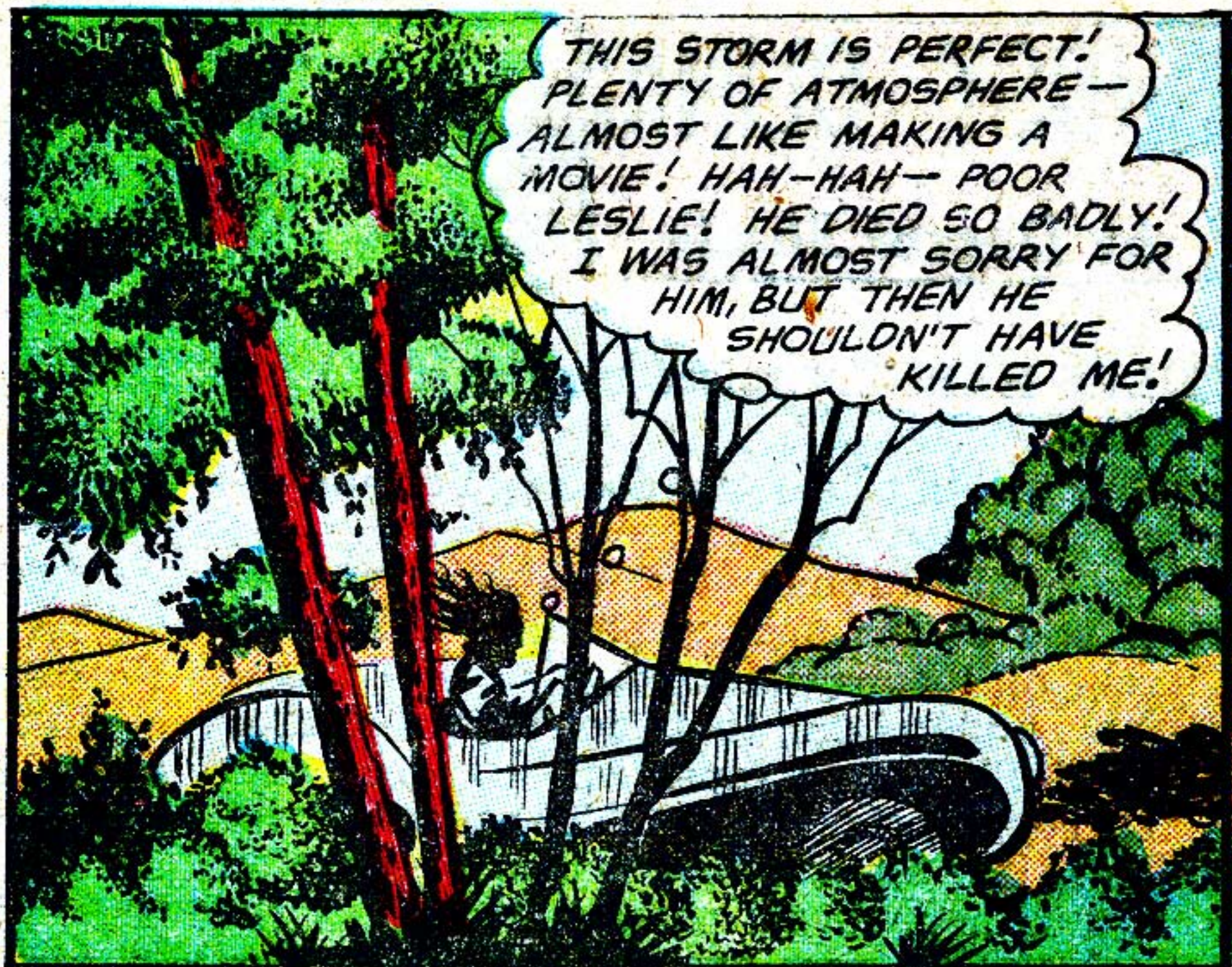
GOOD NIGHT, MISS! HUH! YOU WEARING THAT SCREWY MAKE-UP HOME?



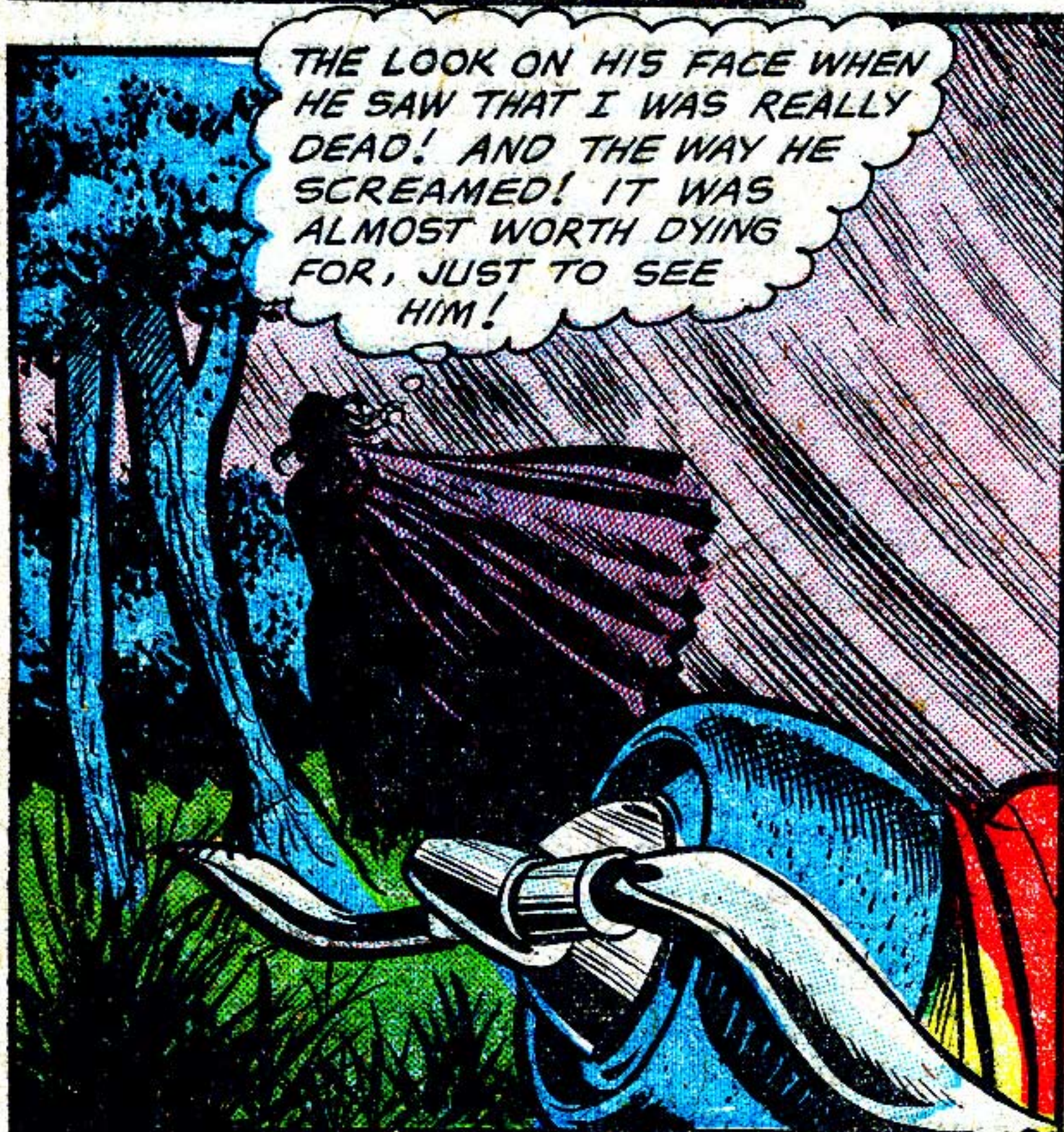


LATER...

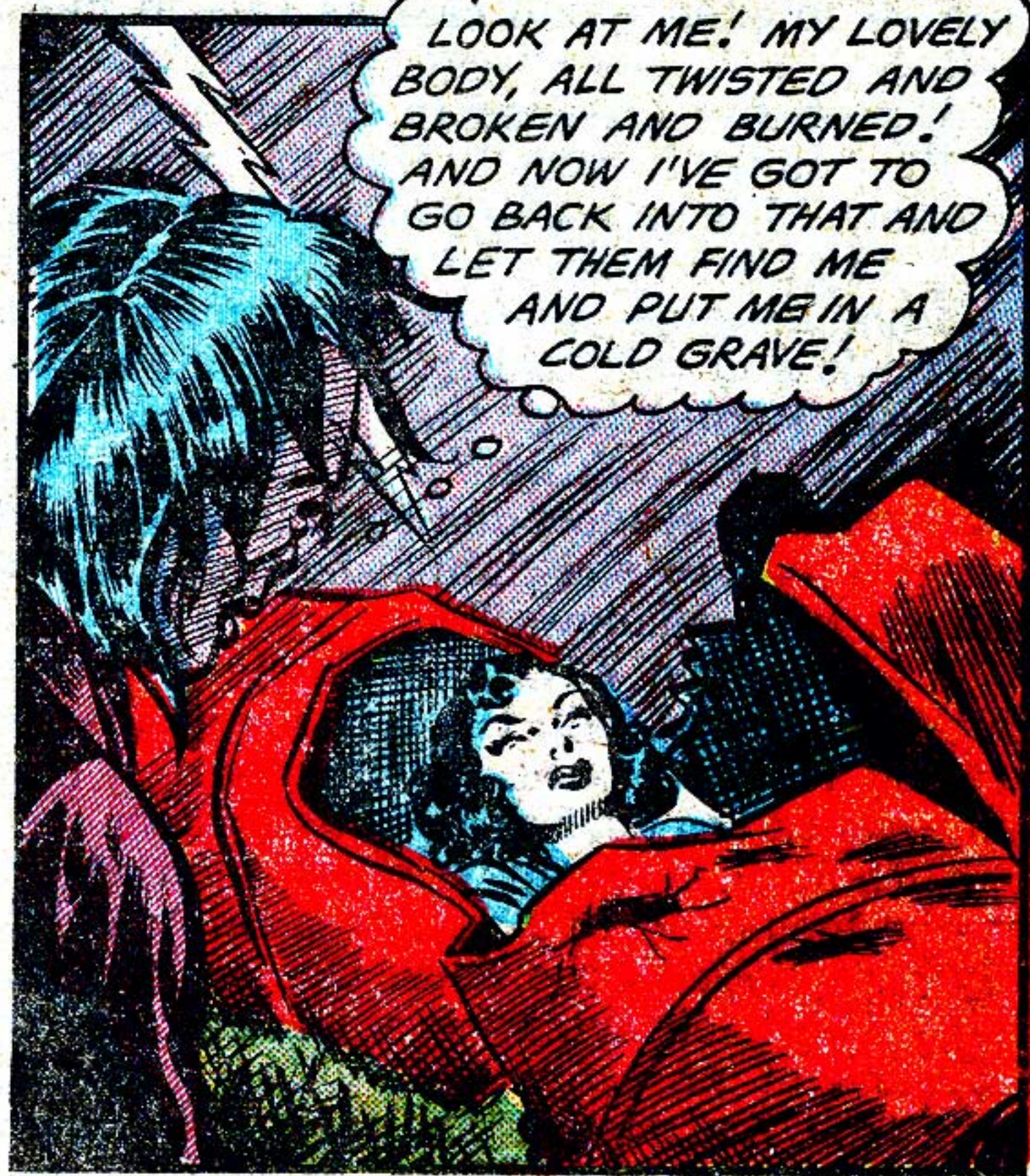
I MUST GET BACK NOW! ALREADY I HAVE BEEN GONE TOO LONG. A GHOST'S PLACE—(CHUCKLE)—IS IN ITS BODY!



THIS STORM IS PERFECT! PLENTY OF ATMOSPHERE—ALMOST LIKE MAKING A MOVIE! HAH-HAH—POOR LESLIE! HE DIED SO BADLY! I WAS ALMOST SORRY FOR HIM, BUT THEN HE SHOULDN'T HAVE KILLED ME!



THE LOOK ON HIS FACE WHEN HE SAW THAT I WAS REALLY DEAD! AND THE WAY HE SCREAMED! IT WAS ALMOST WORTH DYING FOR, JUST TO SEE HIM!

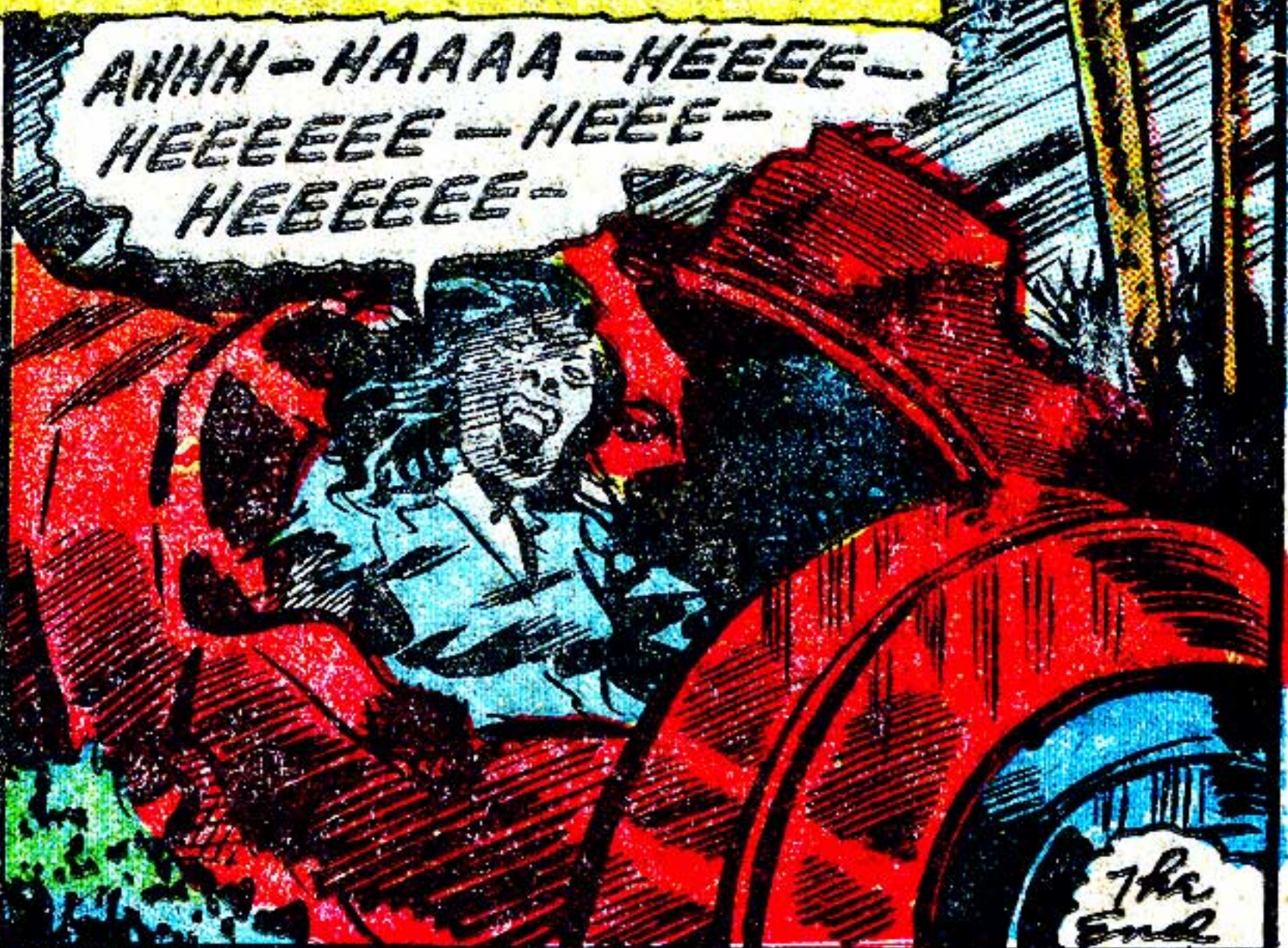


LOOK AT ME! MY LOVELY BODY, ALL TWISTED AND BROKEN AND BURNED! AND NOW I'VE GOT TO GO BACK INTO THAT AND LET THEM FIND ME AND PUT ME IN A COLD GRAVE!



OH, LESLIE, WHY DID YOU HAVE TO DO IT? WHY COULDN'T YOU JUST GO AWAY AND LEAVE ME? WHY DID YOU HAVE TO KILL ME? WHY? NOW WE'RE BOTH DEAD AND I'VE GOT TO ROT AWAY IN THE GROUND! OH—I'M SO AFRAID!

AND AFTER A TIME THERE WAS THE SOUND OF WEIRD LAUGHTER, RISING ABOVE THE KEENING OF THE RAIN AND THE SOBBING WIND! THE LAUGHTER OF A DEAD WOMAN...



AHHH—HAAAA—HEEEE—  
HEEEEEEE—HEEE—  
HEEEEEEE—

The End





## STRANGLING SHADOWS

**G**ILES HARRON raised his fingers to his lips.

"She mustn't hear us, doctor. You understand that, don't you?"

The light through the transom at the other end of the heavily panelled hall drew the eye of the psychiatrist.

"You understand that, don't you, Doctor Richards?" Harron repeated.

"Of course, Mr. Harron." The psychiatrist smiled. "It is a trifle unorthodox for a doctor to spy on a potential patient, but . . ." He paused and his face grew grave. "In such a case — in such a bad case as this, it might well be . . ." He spread his hands. "You were probably justified in calling me in."

"I'm sure I was," Harron whispered hoarsely. "It's been going on now for months. She sits in her room and talks gibberish and then she imagines that shadows come out of the walls and talk to her. I love her, doctor, you see. I can't bear the thought that her mind's really cracking. Of course she's been obsessed with seances and mediums for years, but now — now she claims she can talk with spirits, with shadows!"

The two men advanced slowly down the thickly carpeted hall. Harron, for an instant, seemed to hang back. Then he put a hand out, opened the door to his wife's room.

A thin, reedy wail trickled through the partly-open door. Lydia Harron sat in a chair with her back to the door. Doctor Richards went pale. Her arms were waving like the tentacles of an octopus.

"To me, Asmodeus!" she sang. "Oh, spirits, shadows, come to me!"

Trembling, the psychiatrist put a hand out to steady himself against the door jamb. The dim glow of the single lit lamp in the room threw shadows to its furthest extent. Cold sweat broke out on the doctor's forehead.

"I've seen enough," he whispered in Giles Harron's ear.

Then, softly, the two men retreated back down the hall, down the stairs and into Giles Harron's study. Harron gave the doctor a cigar. At first the doctor ignored the gesture. He still seemed to be listening to the ghostly songs that floated down the stairs. Abruptly he looked up, took the cigar and lit it.

"She's psychotic, of course," the psychiatrist said. "No question of it. You say she's been giving large sums to mediums?"

Harron nodded.

"Plainly incapable of handling her own

affairs any longer," Richards said decisively. "A complete withdrawal from reality! There's only one thing left to do before her disease progresses further, Mr. Harron."

"And that is . . . ?"

"To commit her," the psychiatrist said. He rose. "I'll have the papers prepared immediately. You can arrange with any private sanitarium tomorrow. Good night, Mr. Harron. You have my sympathy, sir."

**T**HE INSTANT the study door closed behind Richards, Giles Harron uttered a dry chuckle. It had been easy convincing a medical doctor that his wife was mad. The best part of it was that Lydia, herself, had done most of the convincing. When he'd married her for her millions he'd never thought how easy it would be to get them all for himself. At first he'd thought he'd have to wait until she died. But now . . . It would be as good as death for Lydia. A case as bad as hers was a life-long one. He'd never have to bother about her again, once she'd been committed.

A sudden breeze in the room chilled him. There was a creak of wood. He turned, as the door opened.

"Lydia!"

His wife stood in the doorway, a frail, thin wraith of a woman. Her eyes gazed at him, troubled.

"Giles, I — I know what you've done!"

"Lydia, I . . ."

"You're a fool, Giles," she said softly. Then her head arched up and her eyes swept the room. "You can't harm me, Giles, not really. My friends are here to protect me. My dark, warm friends, the shadows!"

A look of terror came into Giles Harron's eyes. What was she looking at? Then, suddenly, he laughed. He bent forward and snapped a switch.

Instantly the room was flooded with light.

"Oh, you've driven them away!" she wailed. "They're gone. My dear, dark friends — all gone!"

"They were never here, Lydia!" Her husband said triumphantly. "Where are the shadows now, eh? Gone, you say? Of course. In the light there are no shadows."

Her eyes, in the sudden brilliance, were pools of terror.

"Oh, put the lamps out, Giles, please!" And when he refused to do so, her mouth sagged.



"You really think you see things, don't you, Lydia?" he jeered.

"I see them, Giles," she said suddenly. And now her face was composed. "Where are you sending me, Giles?"

"Who told you I was sending you anywhere?" he asked abruptly, a touch of fear springing to his eyes.

She looked at him.

"My shadows tell me things, Giles. They are good friends, though — though to some they are evil."

"You're insane, Lydia," he said deliberately. "Do you know what that means? I'm sending you away to be taken care of." He walked to the phone on his desk, picked it up, dialed a number.

She sat there watching him. Slowly, a faint smile grew on her face.

"You cannot imprison me, Giles. I will never be lonely. Never, where there is friendly dark and quiet, where shadows can be born and live!"

"Hello!" he barked harshly into the phone as a voice on the other end of the wire answered. "Barrow sanitarium? Dr. Richards told me to phone you. He's preparing papers for my wife's commitment. Yes, yes, his diagnosis is psychosis. Violent?" Giles Harron paused and sneered as he looked at Lydia Harron sitting in the great wing chair, her arms folded, her face at peace. She was mumbling again, something to *Asmodeus*, father of shadows.

"No, she isn't violent, not in the least. Yes, yes, tomorrow morning will do!" He turned to his wife. "You see, Lydia . . .?"

**L**YDIA HAD risen, was walking upstairs. His eyes followed her out through the door. He caught his breath instantly with a gasp as he saw her shadow lengthening back. Then he chuckled. A trick of the hall lamps. He crossed to a sideboard, poured himself a drink. He heard Lydia's door close, and her wailing voice rise again, and smiled in satisfaction. Just as Richards had said. A total, complete withdrawal from reality.

In the morning the long, comfortable black car from the Barrow sanitarium came up the driveway. Harron went upstairs. He found his wife fully dressed. When the lady attendant came up, she smiled, as the woman packed her things and closed the suitcase.

"Goodbye, Giles." On her face the enigmatic smile deepened. "You think you are sending me away to loneliness." She paused. Then she said: "Giles, you think I'm mad, but — but did you ever think that perhaps it is you, yourself, you are condemning to be alone, to be friendless?"

"Lydia, my dear . . ." In the presence of

the woman attendant, Giles Harron's voice was hypocritically warm, "Don't talk nonsense!"

Then she was gone.

He spent the day checking over their accounts. Two or three million, at least. He couldn't touch it, yet, but the power of attorney would be his, soon. He was her husband, he, himself, was sane. A court would surely appoint him guardian of her money. He could show he'd been piously concerned over her mad antics.

At midnight, after long drinking, he went to bed. The big house was silent. Tomorrow, he decided, he'd engage more servants. It wasn't good to have only the two in the house. Not in a big, lonely house such as Lydia's. Lonely? The word caught him back, as his eyes closed. Hadn't Lydia said something about he being lonely in . . .

The clock on the wall was chiming three as he woke abruptly. The house was still and cold. Moonlight streamed in through the drapeless windows. The first thing he remembered were the last words of Lydia's he'd thought of before falling asleep. Then he remembered he was separated by two floors from the servants.

In the moonlight a shadow moved, a shadow that did not belong!

Terror, silent, mumbling terror, burst from his lips. Then the voice came: "Giles?" It was like the breath of winter wind. "Giles?"

"Lydia? Oh, god, no!" He wailed. "You're out of the asylum!"

He saw her standing there, there, full in the moonlight.

"To *Asmodeus*, father of shadows, all is possible, Giles. No walls, no wood, no stone can hold a shadow, Giles."

Behind her shadow, shadows more than her own, grew and thickened. Harron sprang out of bed, faced her. He knew he was weaponless.

"My friends want you, Giles. They will make you a shadow," she tittered. "Even a friend of yours has turned against you now, for your crime. *Asmodeus*, his father, has commanded him to help me!"

"Friend, friend of mine?" he stammered. "I have no . . ."

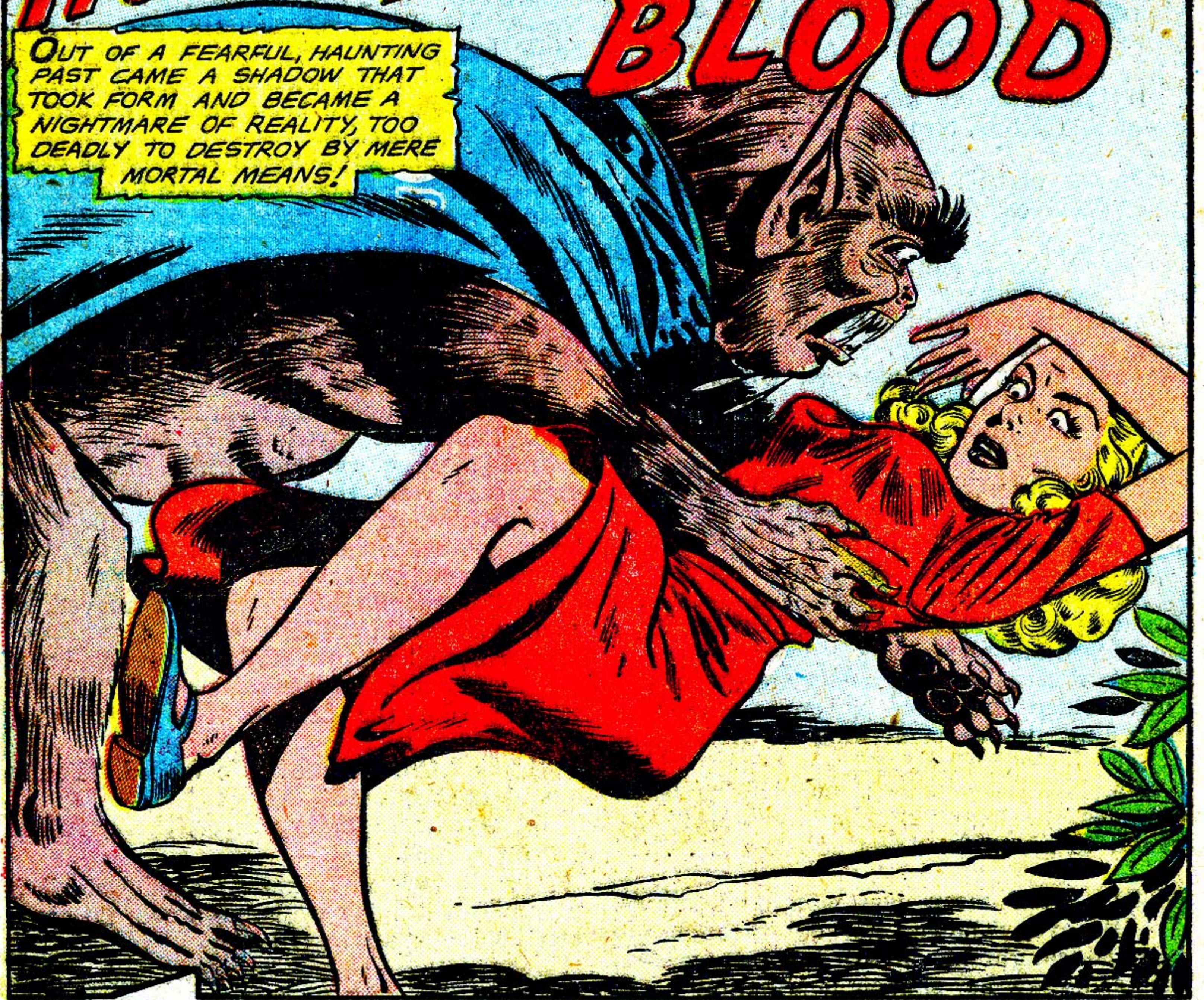
"Your own shadow, Giles! It is gone, it is with me!" she cried.

He glanced at the floor. His shadow was gone. Before him, Lydia, backed by moving walls of darkness, from which ropy, black arms twitched out, moved, laughing madly, toward where he stood. The first shadow reached him, twisted round his throat. He wondered, as breath, as life left him, if it were his own.



# Her Lips Dripped BLOOD

OUT OF A FEARFUL, HAUNTING PAST CAME A SHADOW THAT TOOK FORM AND BECAME A NIGHTMARE OF REALITY, TOO DEADLY TO DESTROY BY MERE MORTAL MEANS!

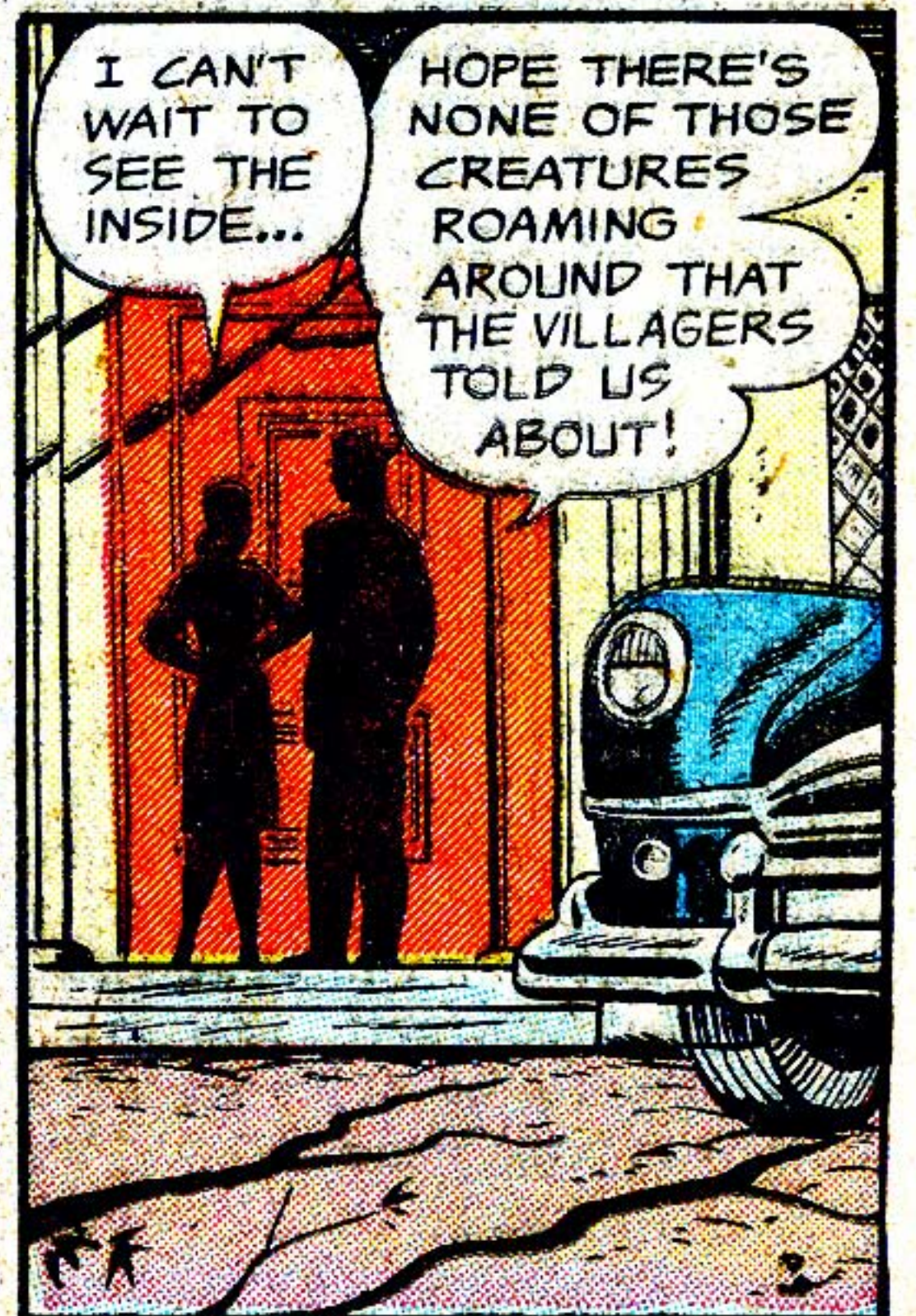


MY WIFE'S FAMILY DATED WAY BACK IN NEW ENGLAND HISTORY, AND WHEN WE DECIDED TO MOVE FROM THE CITY TO THE COUNTRY, WE HAD A STRANGE STREAK OF LUCK...



I CAN'T BELIEVE IT, BILL! THE VERY HOMESTEAD MY ANCESTORS LIVED IN!

IT IS CURIOUS, HONEY!



I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE THE INSIDE...

HOPE THERE'S NONE OF THOSE CREATURES ROAMING AROUND THAT THE VILLAGERS TOLD US ABOUT!

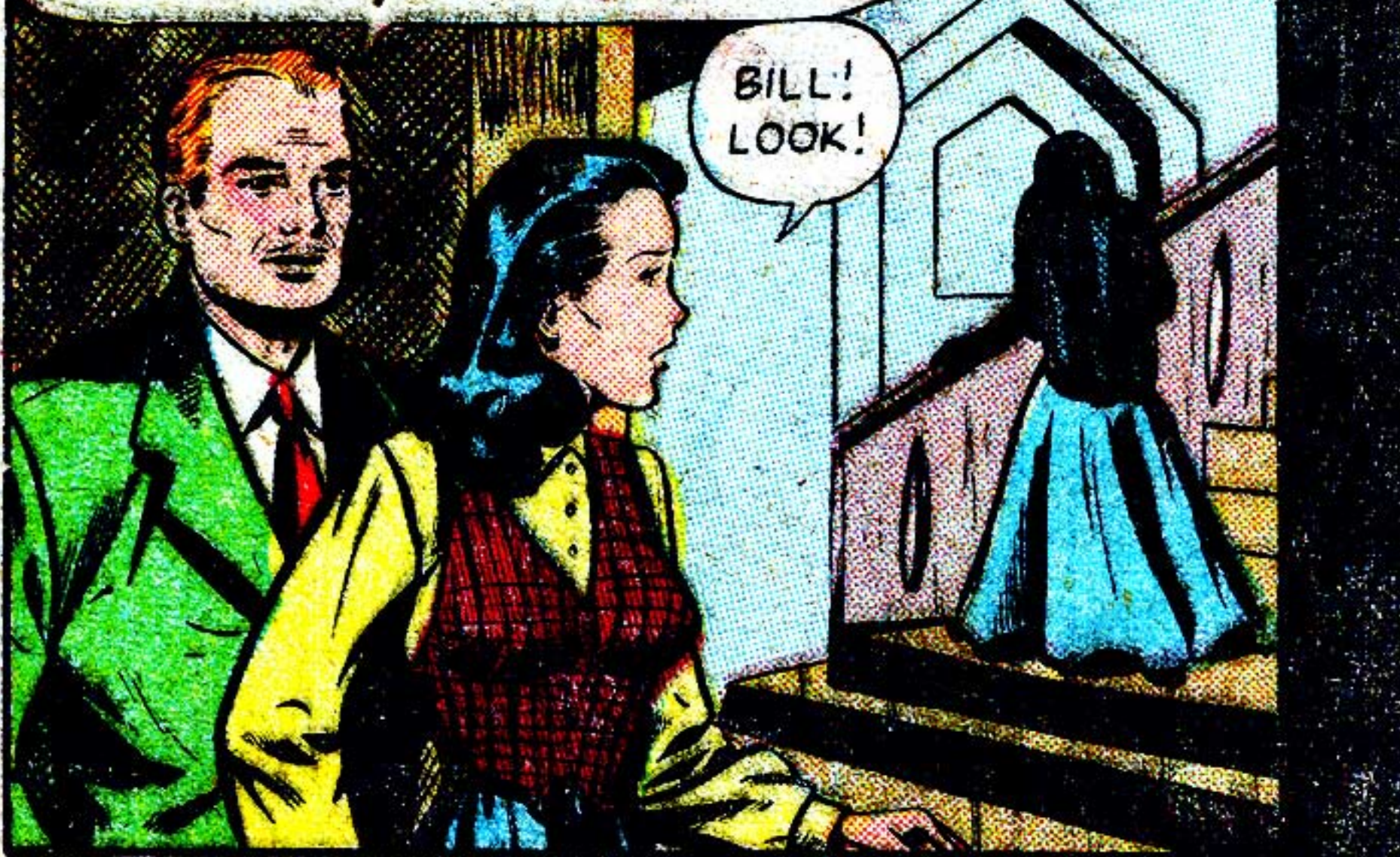


# JOURNEY INTO FEAR

OF COURSE I WAS ONLY JOKING ABOUT THE SILLY TALES WE HEARD, BUT THE THOUGHTS OF MEETING THE ANCIENT HOUSEKEEPER SOMEHOW MADE ME FEEL UNEASY...

SHE'S TOO OLD TO BE OF ANY SERVICE. WE'LL JUST HAVE TO...

BILL!  
LOOK!

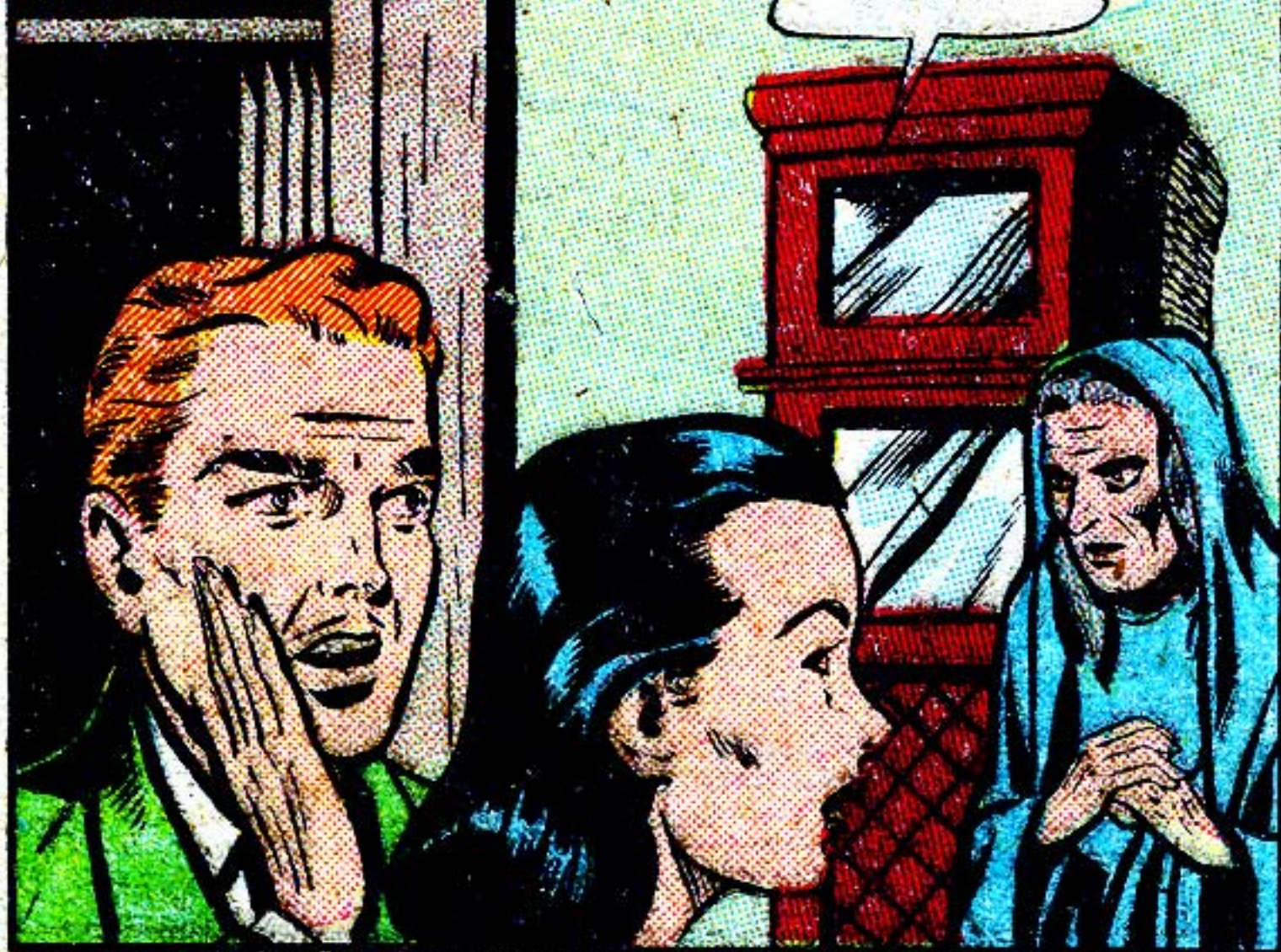


WELCOME. MAY YOU ENJOY THE HOUSE... AS LONG AS YOU LIVE IN IT. I'M CLARA... THE HOUSEKEEPER!



LET'S CUT THIS SHORT, BETTY. NONE OF US ARE ENJOYING IT!

THANK YOU, CLARA, WE'LL CALL YOU IF WE NEED YOU....



CLARA MANAGED TO AVOID US AS MUCH AS WE DID HER— BUT HER PRESENCE WAS FELT EVERYWHERE. MAYBE THAT'S WHAT EVEN GAVE BETTY THE IDEA TO GO EXPLORING IN THE OLD GRAVE-YARD...

AFTER ALL, IT IS OUT OF RESPECT THAT I WANT TO VISIT MY ANCESTORS' RESTING PLACE, DEAR...

I THINK IT'S JUST CURIOSITY. BUT HERE WE ARE...



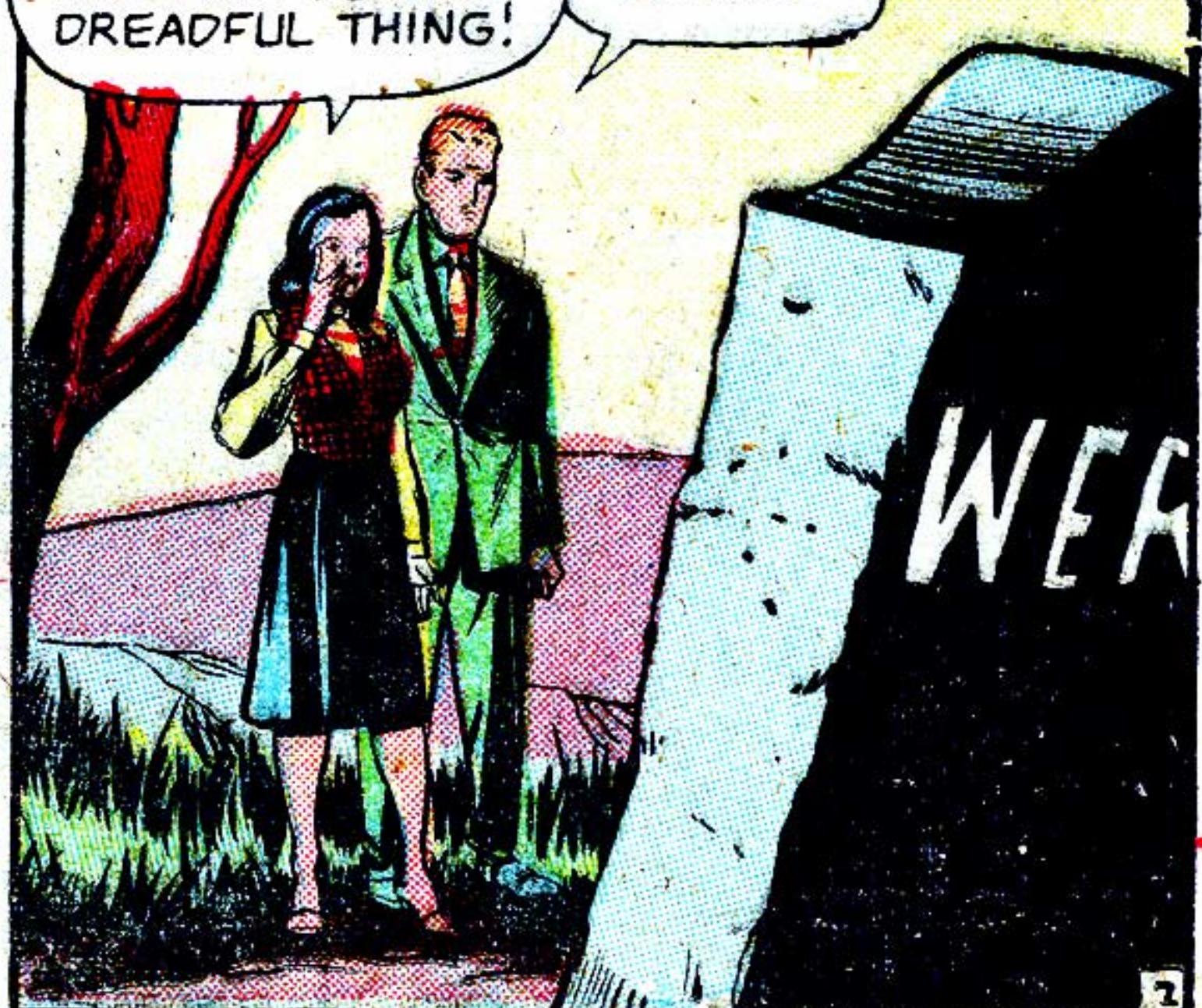
A WEREWOLF! JUST LIKE THE VILLAGERS SAID...

MY GRAND-FATHER!

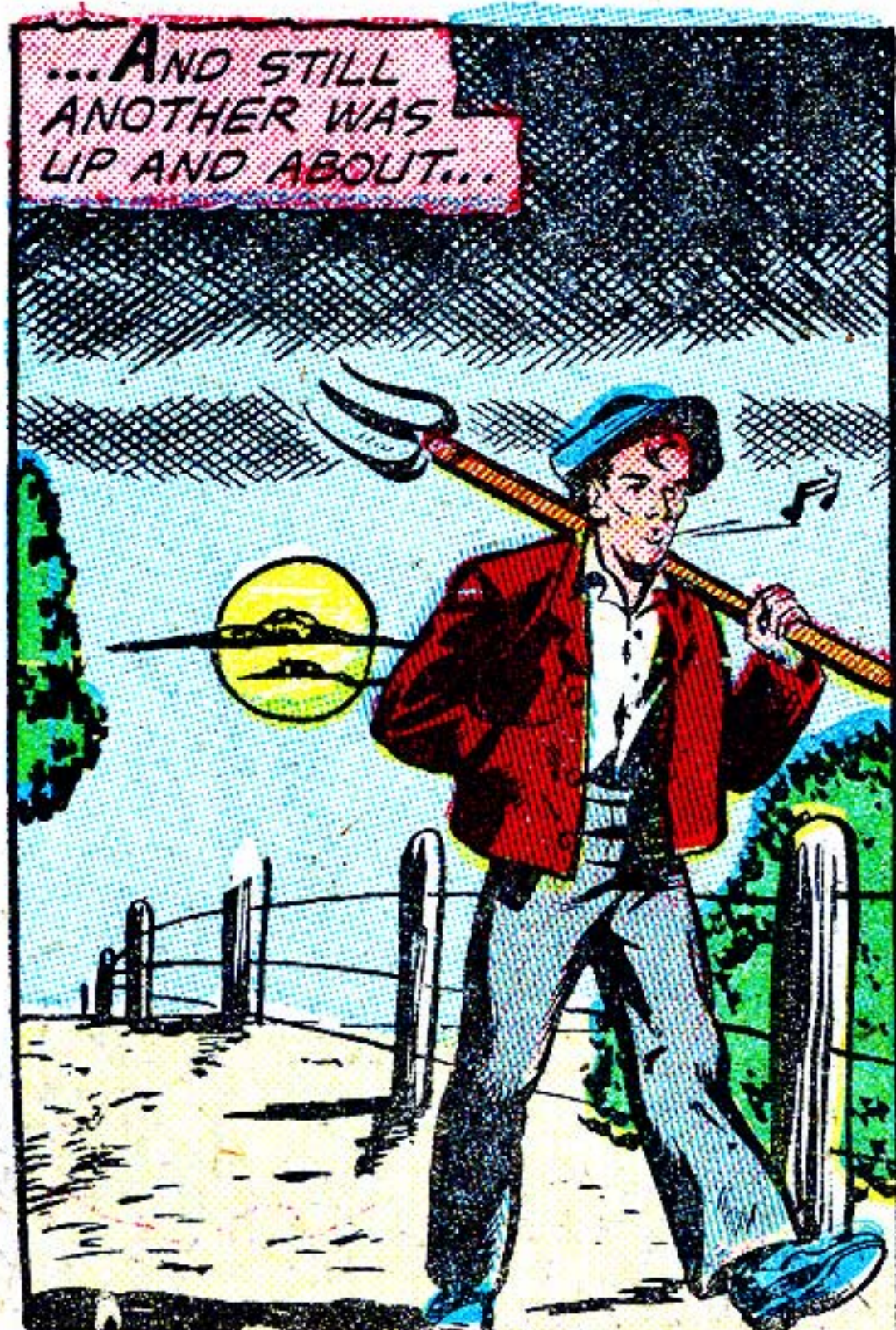
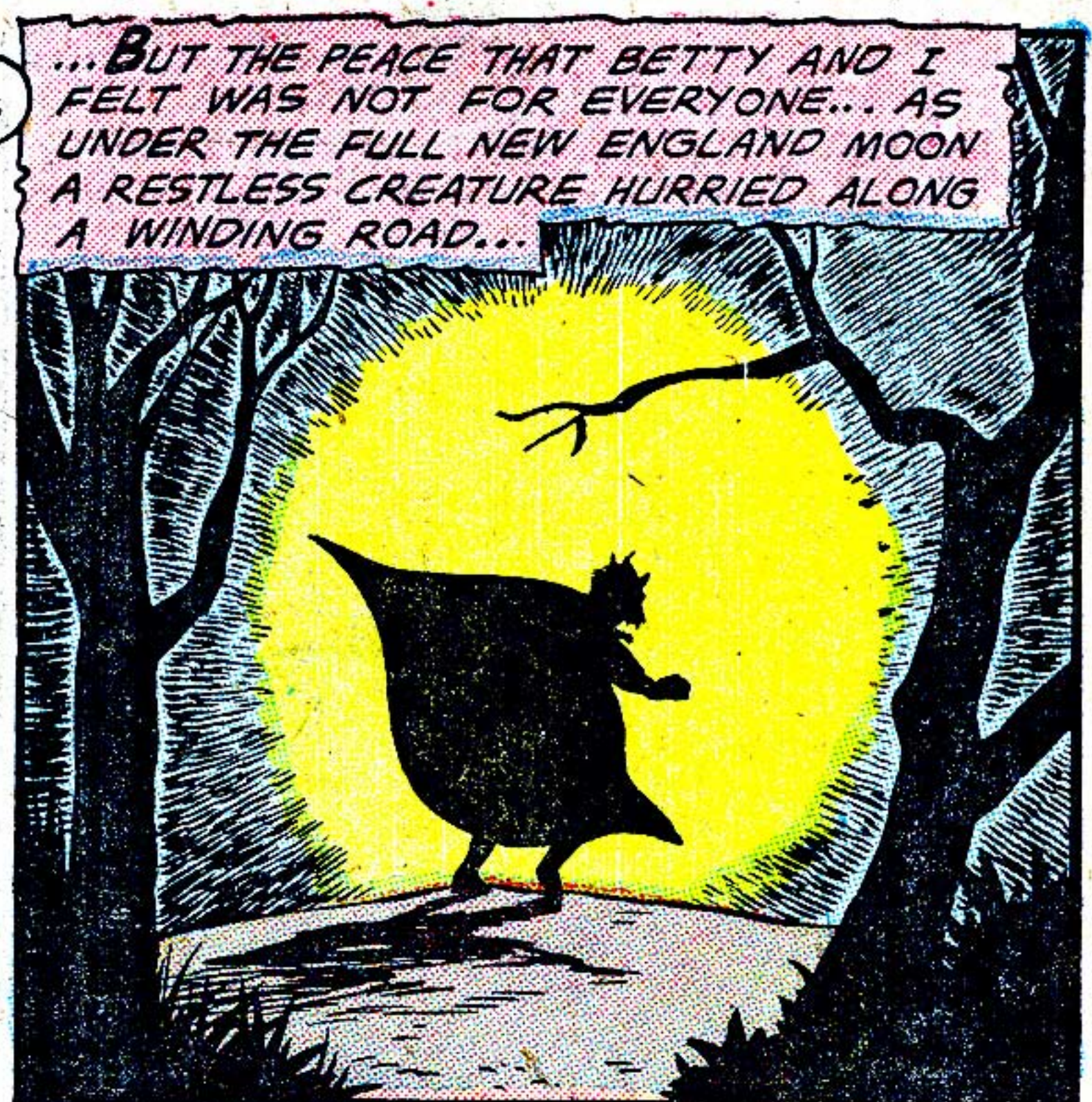
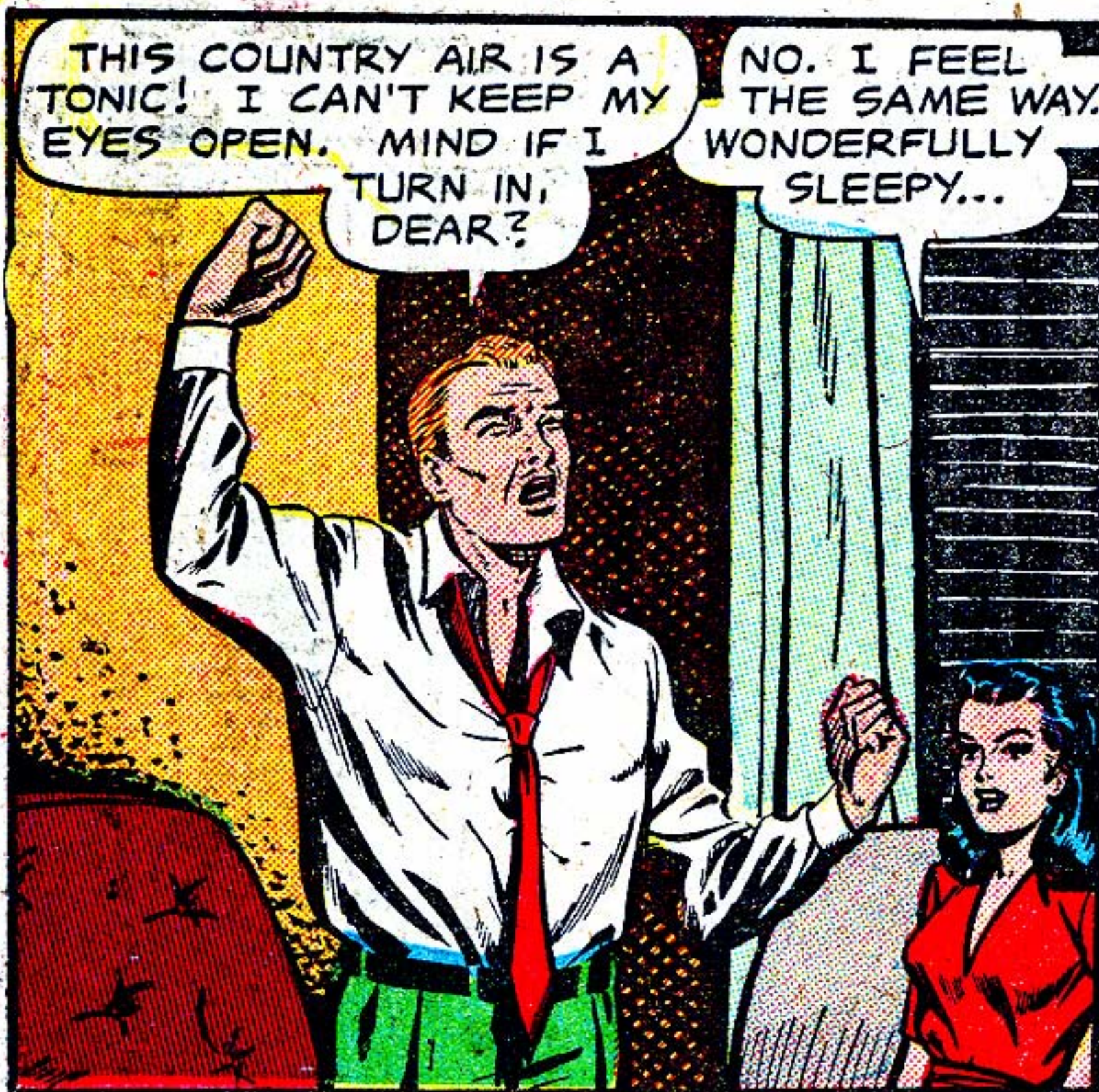
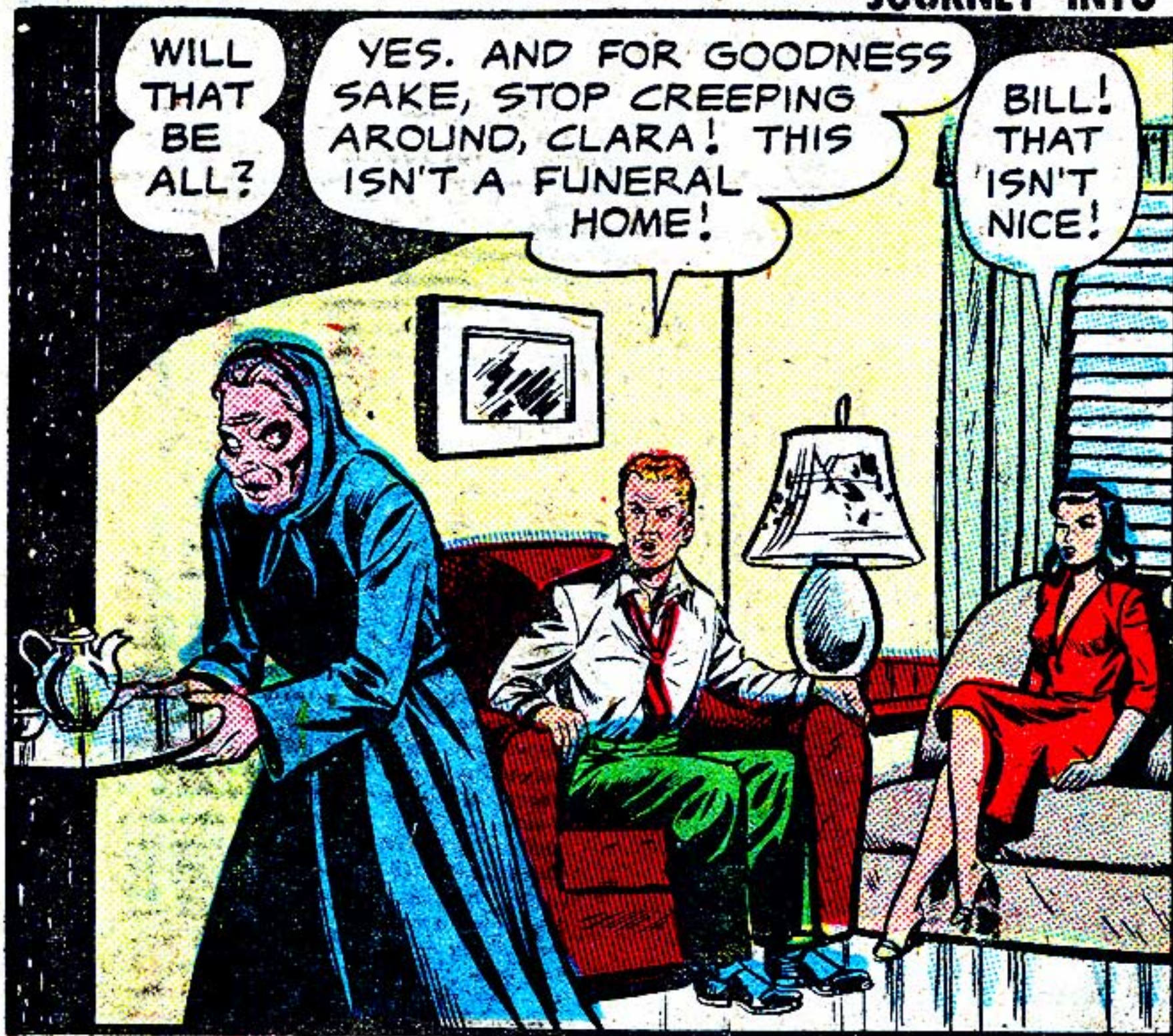


THAT MEANS HE WAS KILLED! SOMEONE SHOULD PAY FOR SUCH A DREADFUL THING!

IT'S BARBARIC! C'MON. LET'S GET OUT OF THIS PLACE!



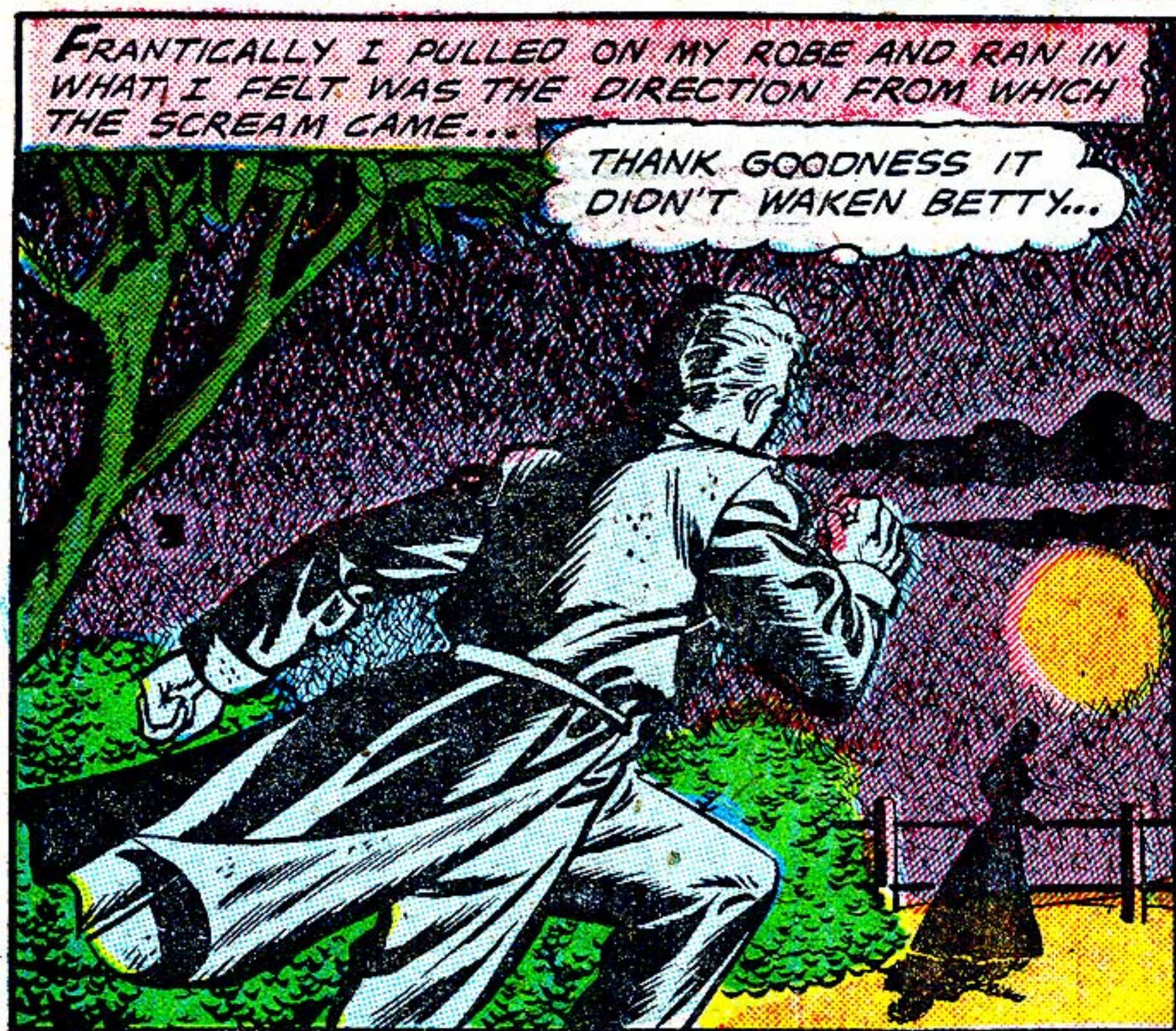




...AS IF DESTINY HAD PLANNED TO BRING THE TWO TOGETHER...

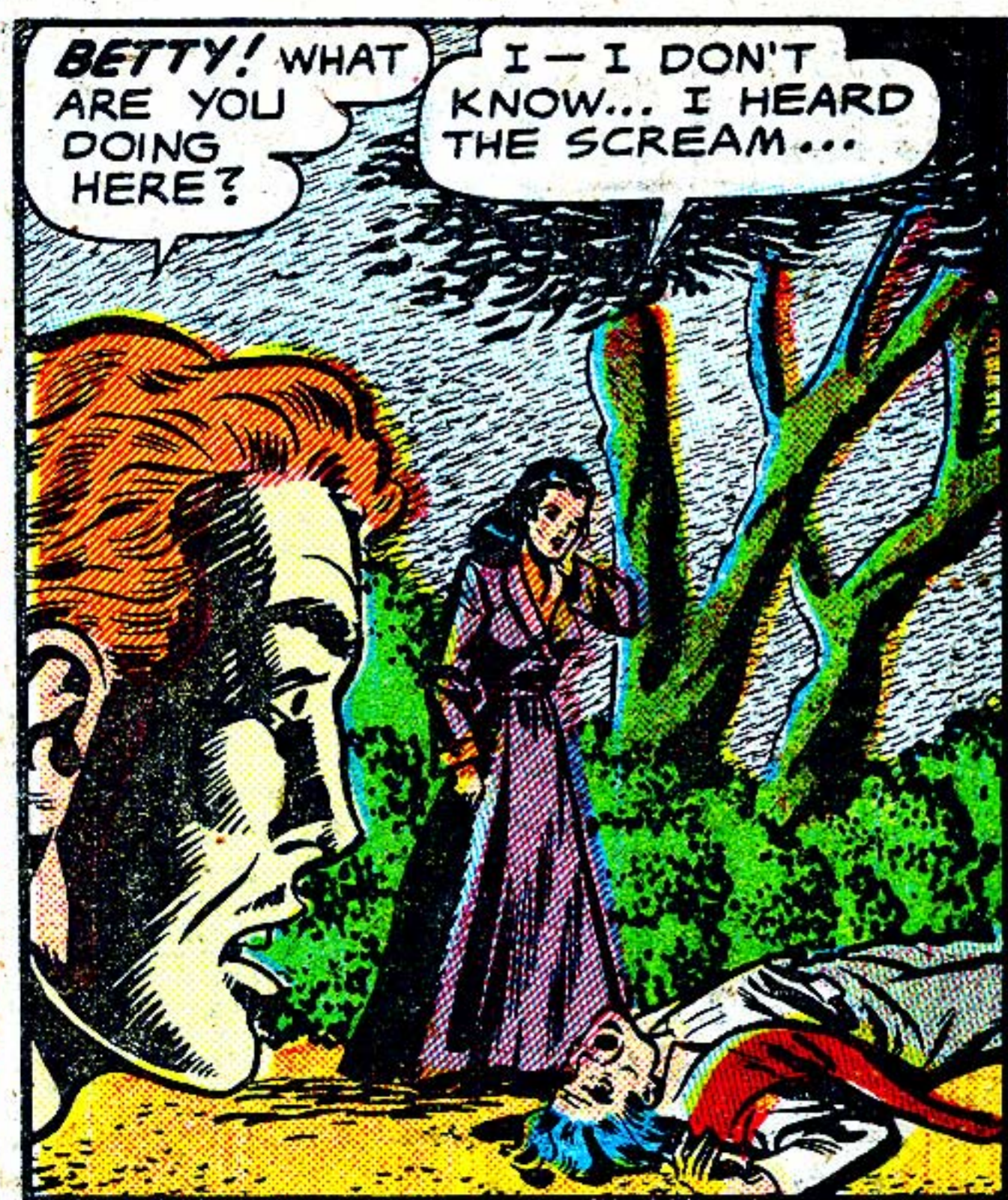






FRANTICALLY I PULLED ON MY ROBE AND RAN IN WHAT I FELT WAS THE DIRECTION FROM WHICH THE SCREAM CAME...

THANK GOODNESS IT DIDN'T WAKEN BETTY...



BETTY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

I—I DON'T KNOW... I HEARD THE SCREAM...



GREAT SCOTT! DON'T LOOK, DEAR... H—HIS THROAT...

OHH, BILL! IT'S HORRIBLE!

THERE HAD TO BE SOME KIND OF OBVIOUS SOLUTION... THE VICTIM HAD BEEN ATTACKED BY SOME WILD BEAST... BUT THE SHERIFF HAD IDEAS OF HIS OWN...

I'D LIKE TO TALK WITH THAT HOUSE-KEEPER OF YOURS!

CLARA? SURELY YOU DON'T SUSPECT HER?



THERE'S PLENTY HAPPENING 'ROUND HERE THAT NEW-COMERS DON'T KNOW ABOUT! WEREWOLFS AN' THE LIKE...

HOW CAN YOU BELIEVE SUCH THINGS?

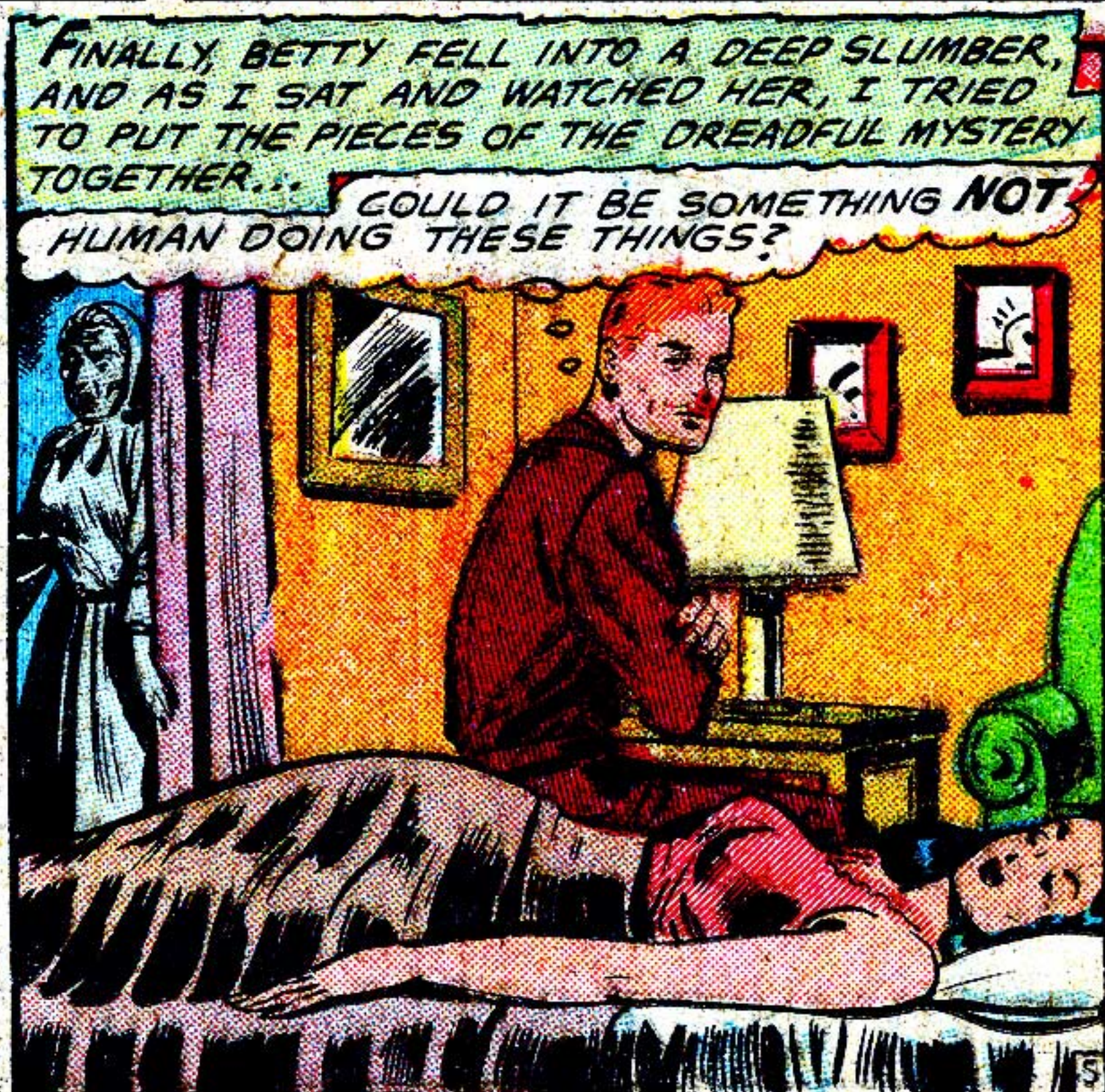
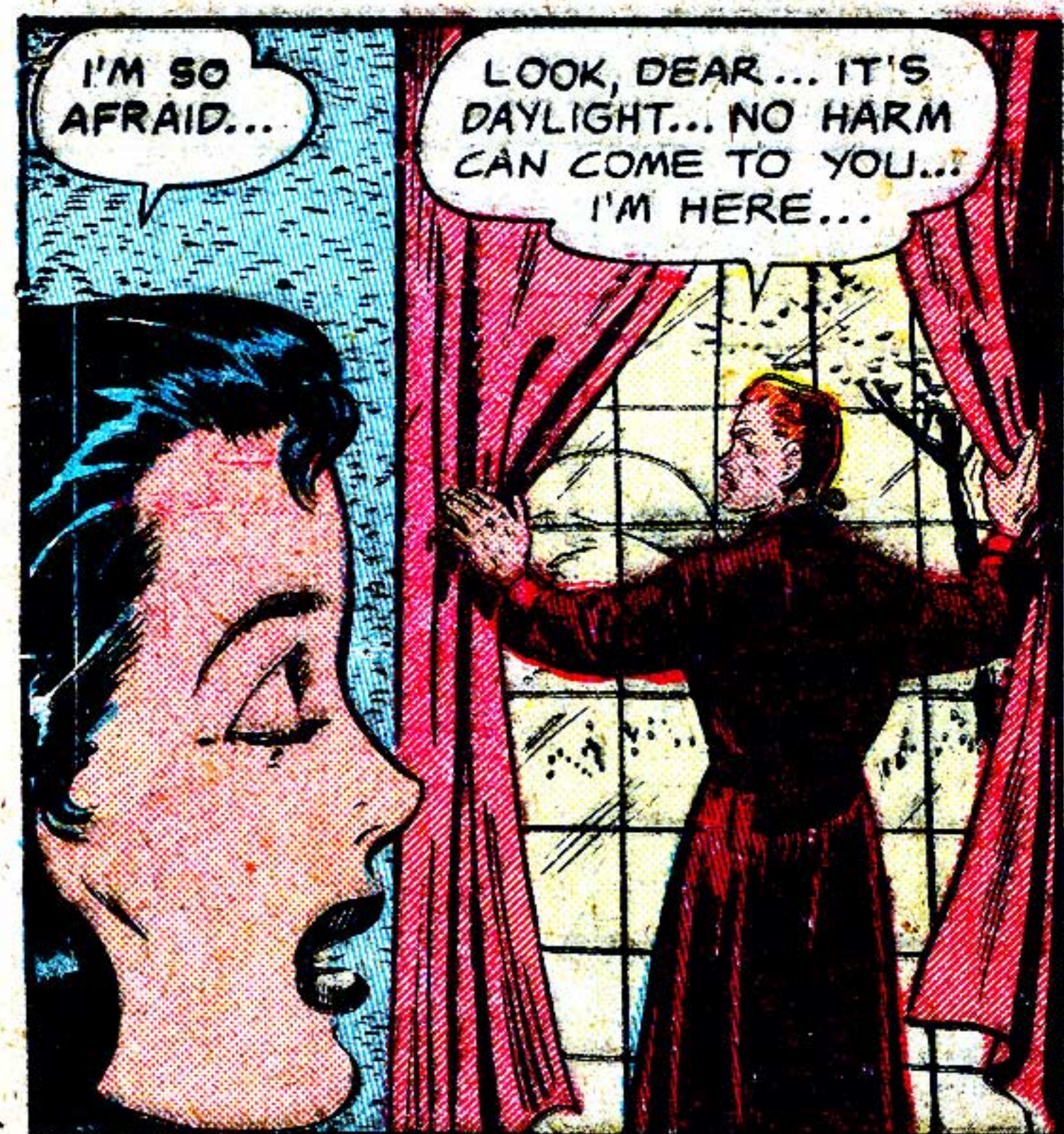
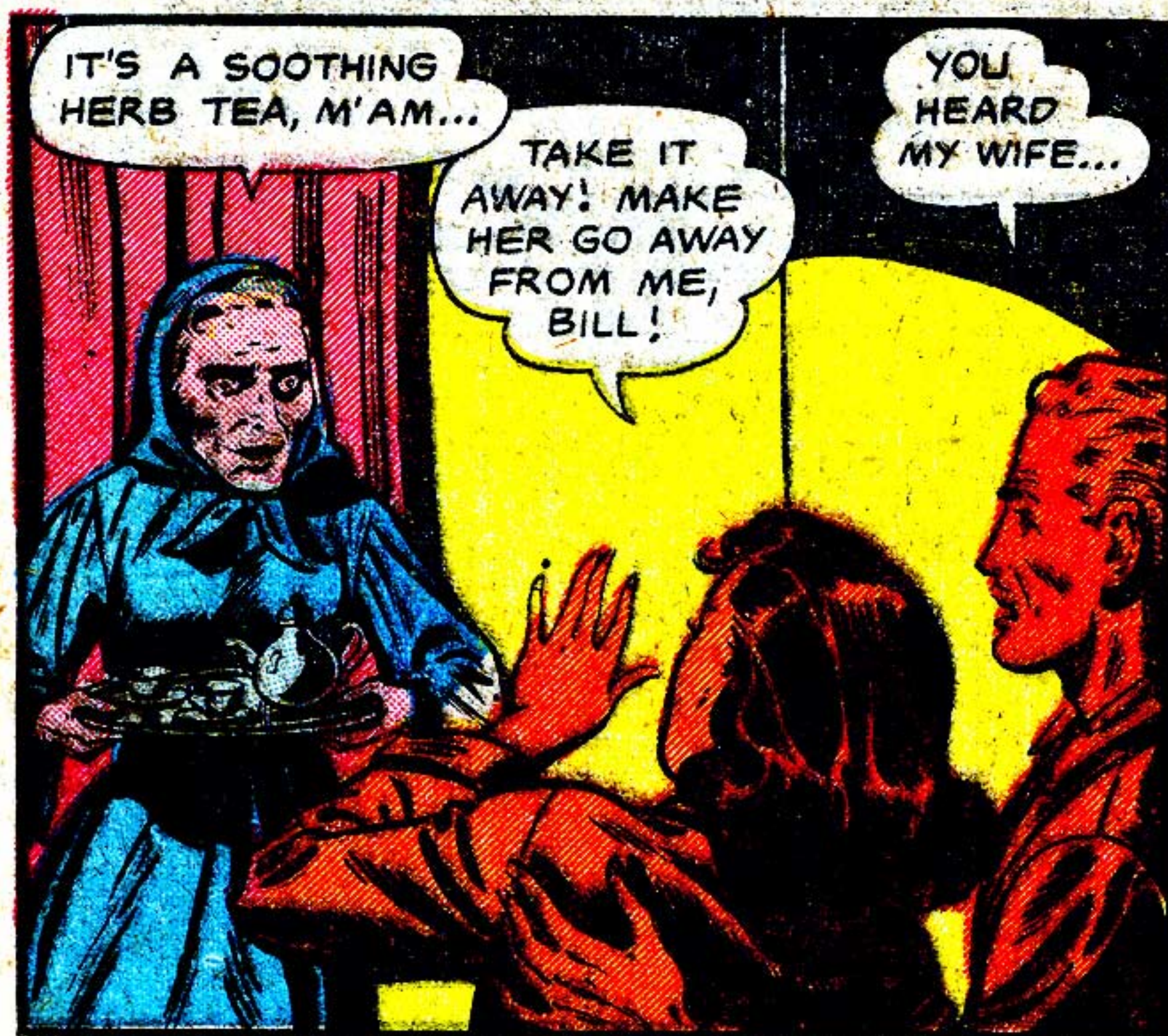
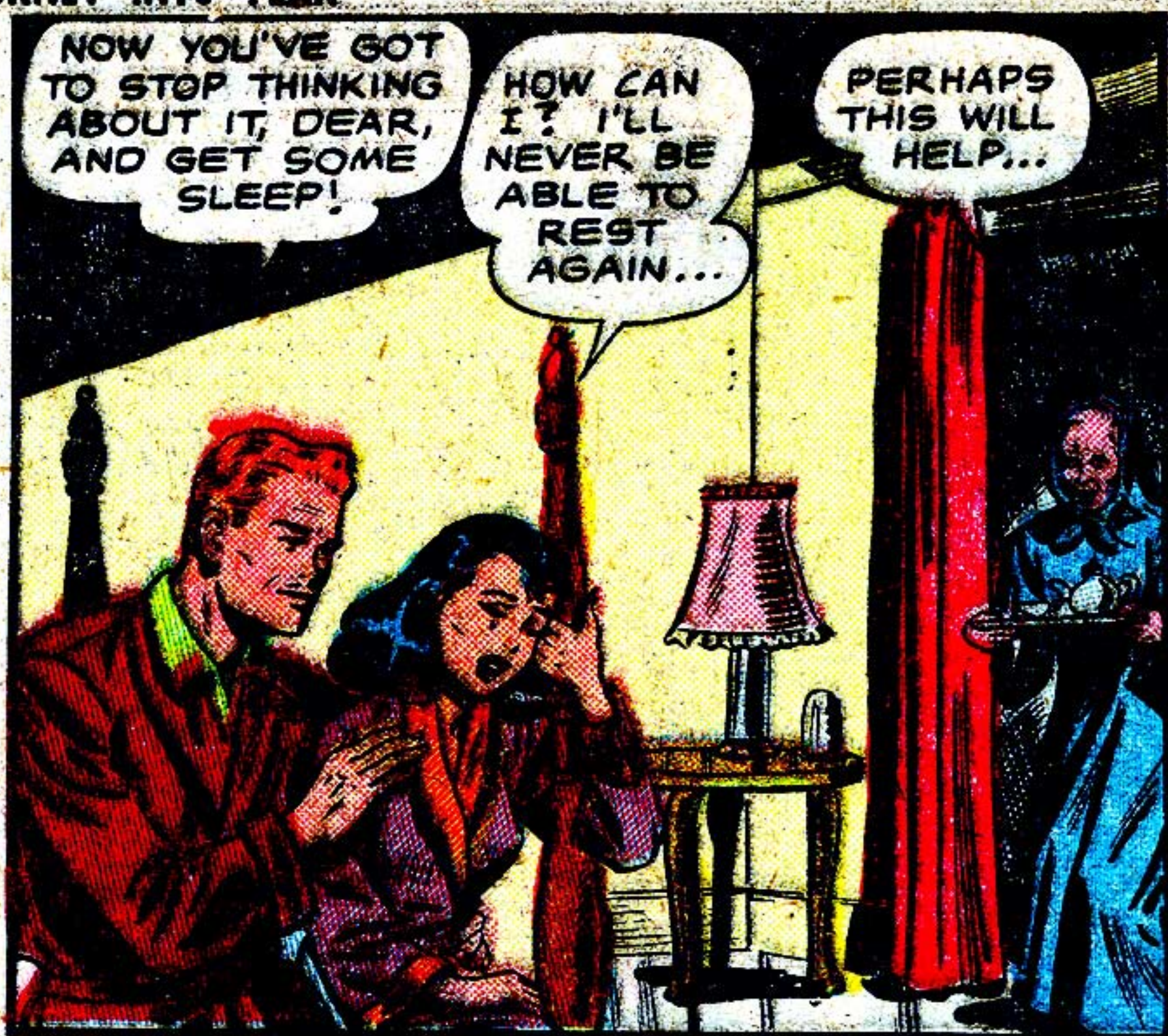
IT WAS FANTASTIC... AND ALL WRONG... I WASN'T GIVING UP CLARA TO THE LAW ON SUCH A FOOLISH CHARGE, AND THAT WAS THAT...

I HAPPEN TO KNOW OUR HOUSEKEEPER WAS IN HER CABIN ALL DURING THE NIGHT!





# JOURNEY INTO FEAR





AND SO ANOTHER NIGHT ROLLED AROUND, BRINGING WITH IT A GLORIOUS FULL MOON... I TRIED TO JOKE WITH BETTY TO EASE HER NERVES...

NICE NIGHT FOR WEREWOLVES! THEY CAN FIND THEIR WAY AROUND WITHOUT ANY TROUBLE IN THIS MOONLIGHT!

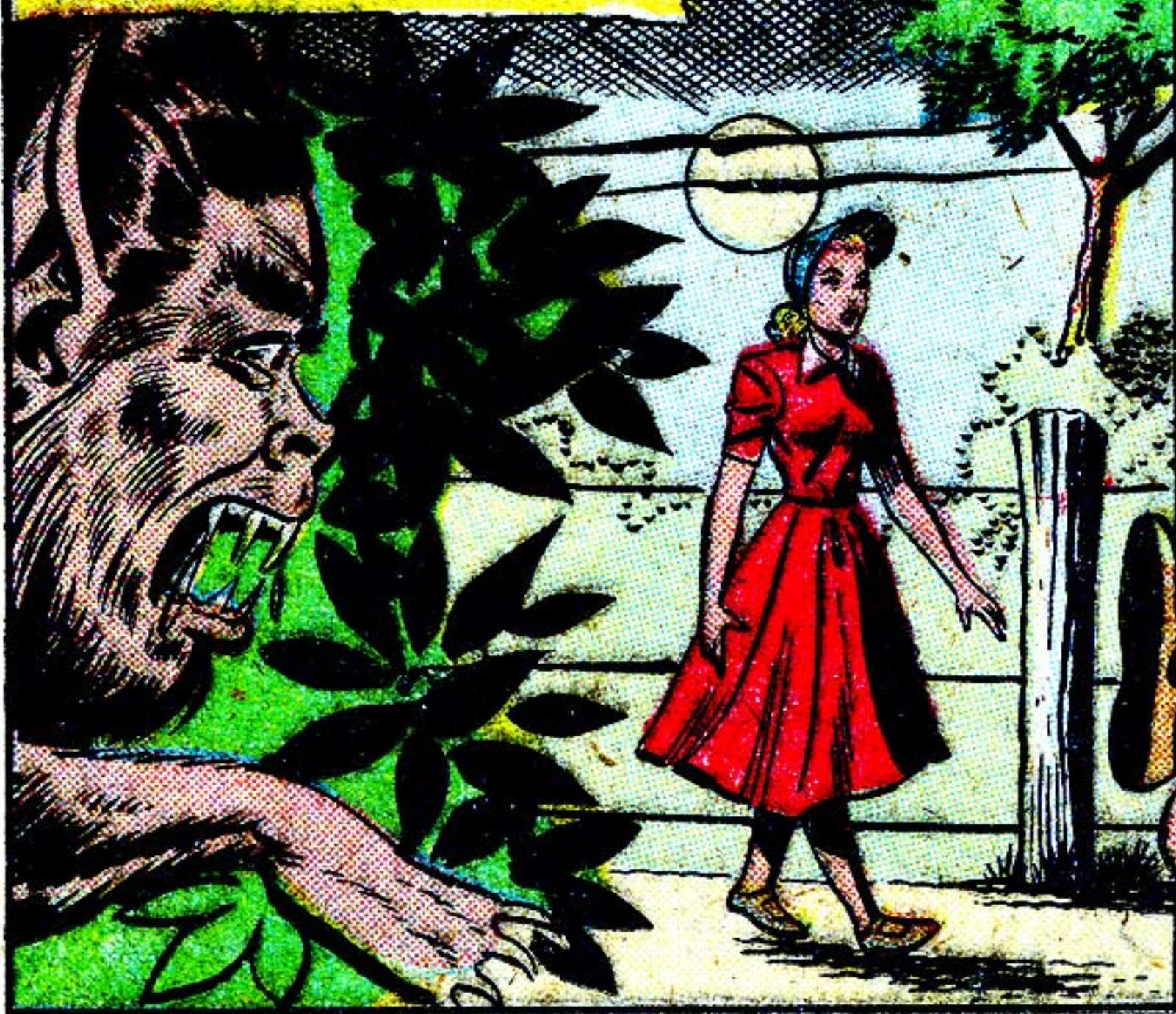
DON'T BE FUNNY, BILL — REMEMBER MY ROOM IS WAY DOWN THE HALL...



HOURS SINCE BETTY WENT TO SLEEP... NOW I CAN GET SOME SHUT-EYE MYSELF...



...WHILE NOT FAR AWAY ONE OF THE YOUNG LADIES FROM THE VILLAGE HURRIED ALONG HOME FROM A SOCIAL...



...BUT SHE WAS NEVER TO ARRIVE AT HER DESTINATION... ALIVE!

EEEEEEE—  
HELP—  
HELP!

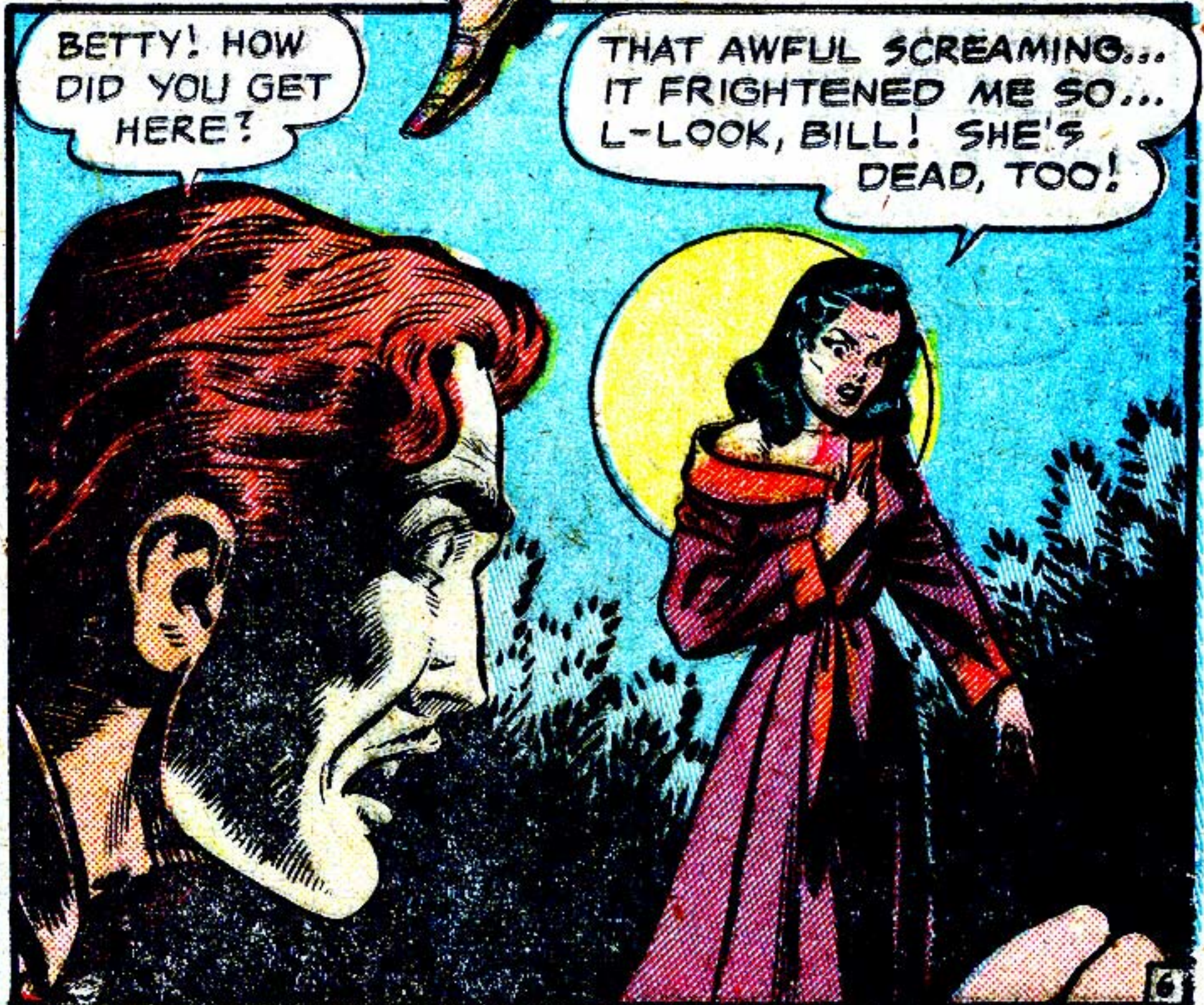


SCREAMING AGAIN! SAME PLACE...



BETTY! HOW DID YOU GET HERE?

THAT AWFUL SCREAMING... IT FRIGHTENED ME SO... L-LOOK, BILL! SHE'S DEAD, TOO!

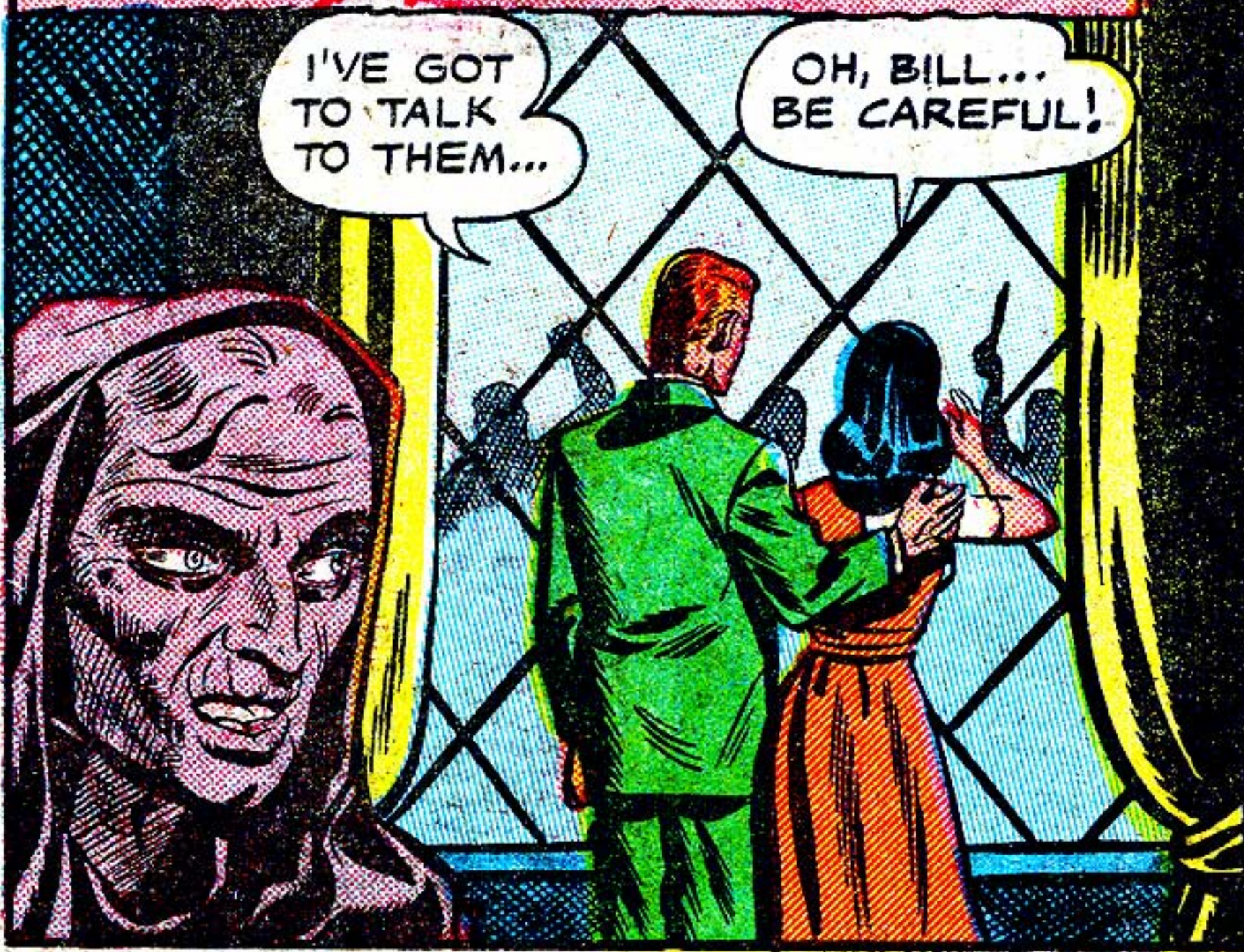




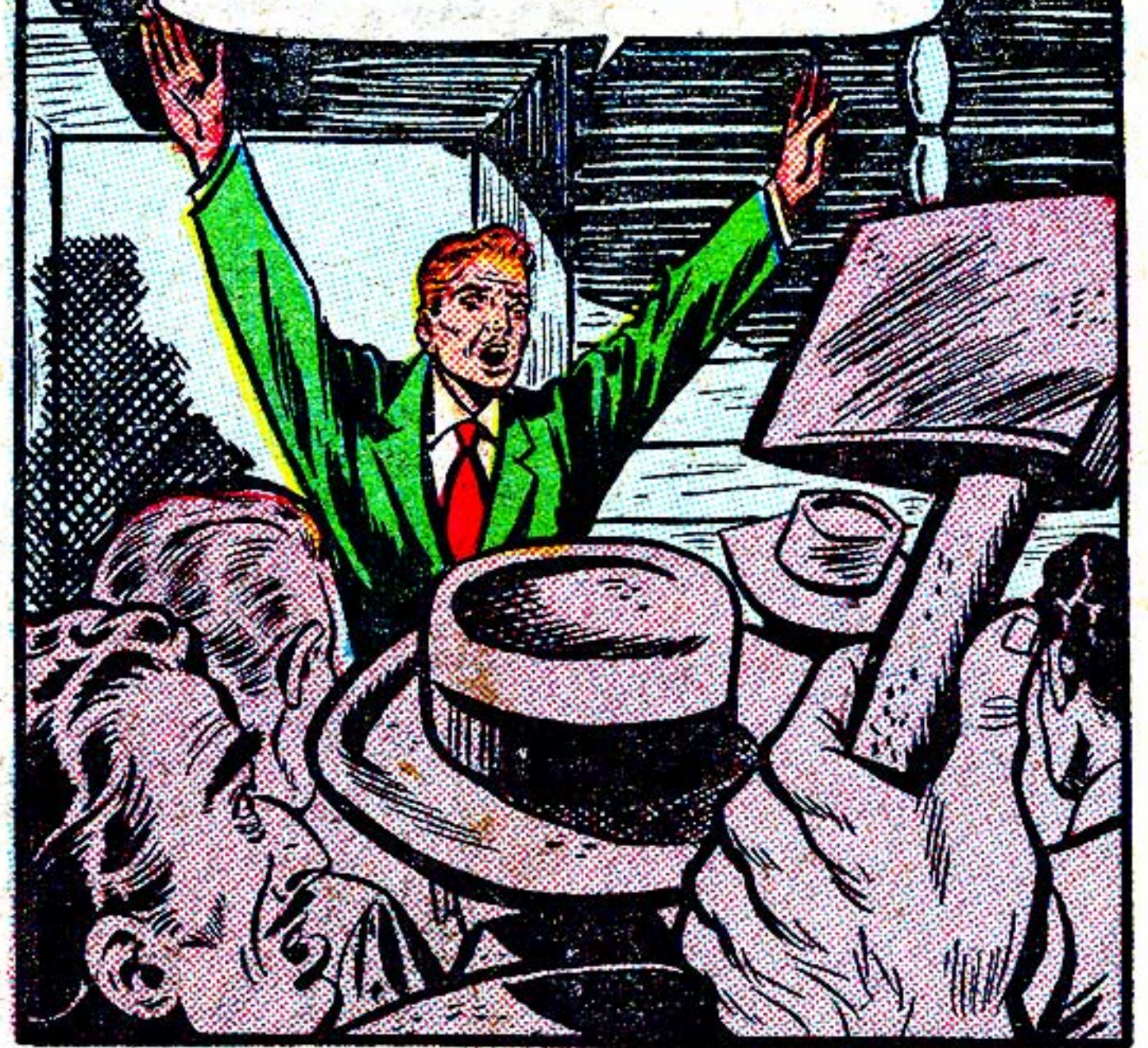
THE SECOND VIOLENT DEATH BROUGHT THE VILLAGERS STORMING TO OUR DOOR... THEY DEMANDED REVENGE... AND CLARA!

I'VE GOT TO TALK TO THEM...

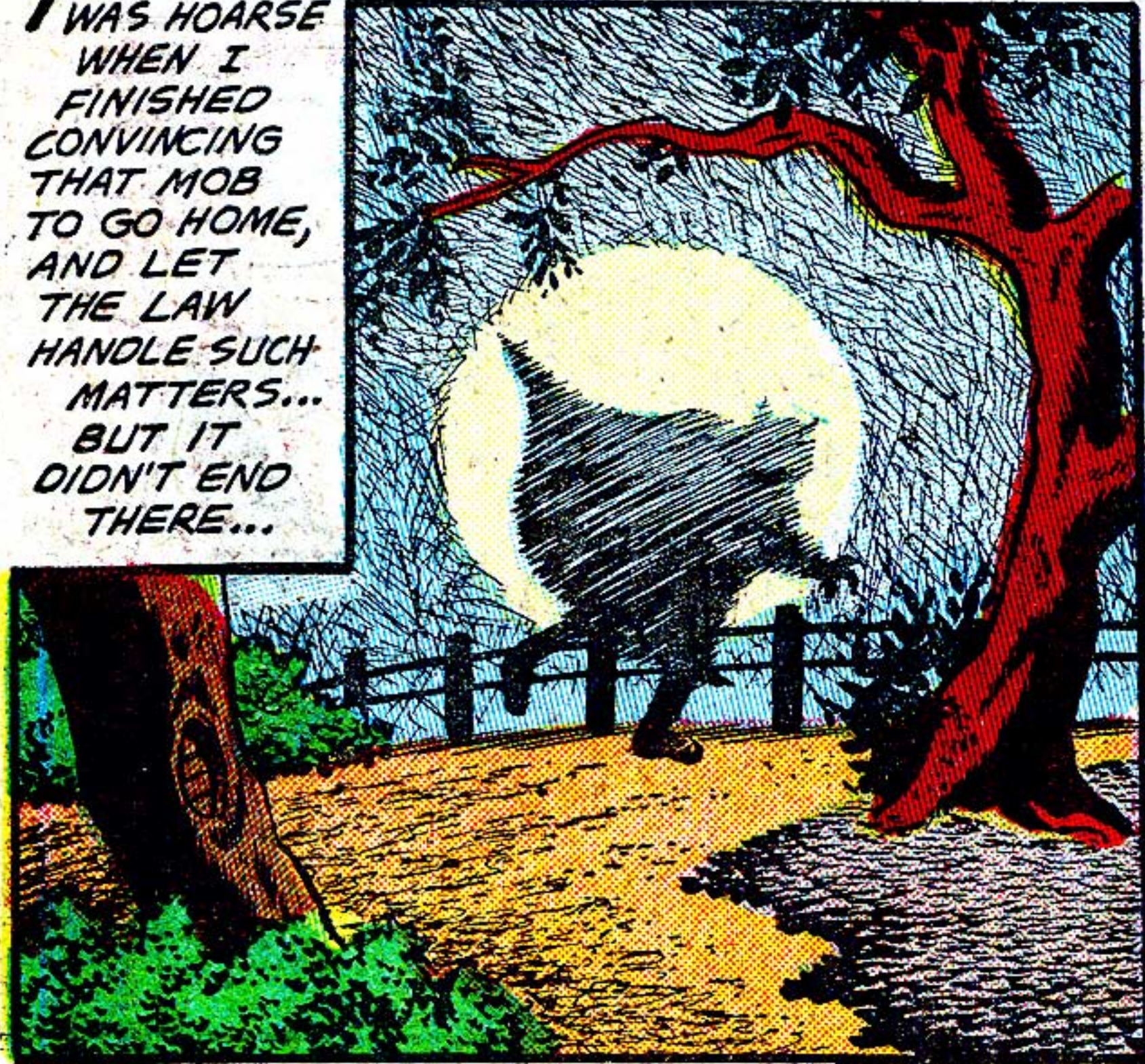
OH, BILL... BE CAREFUL!



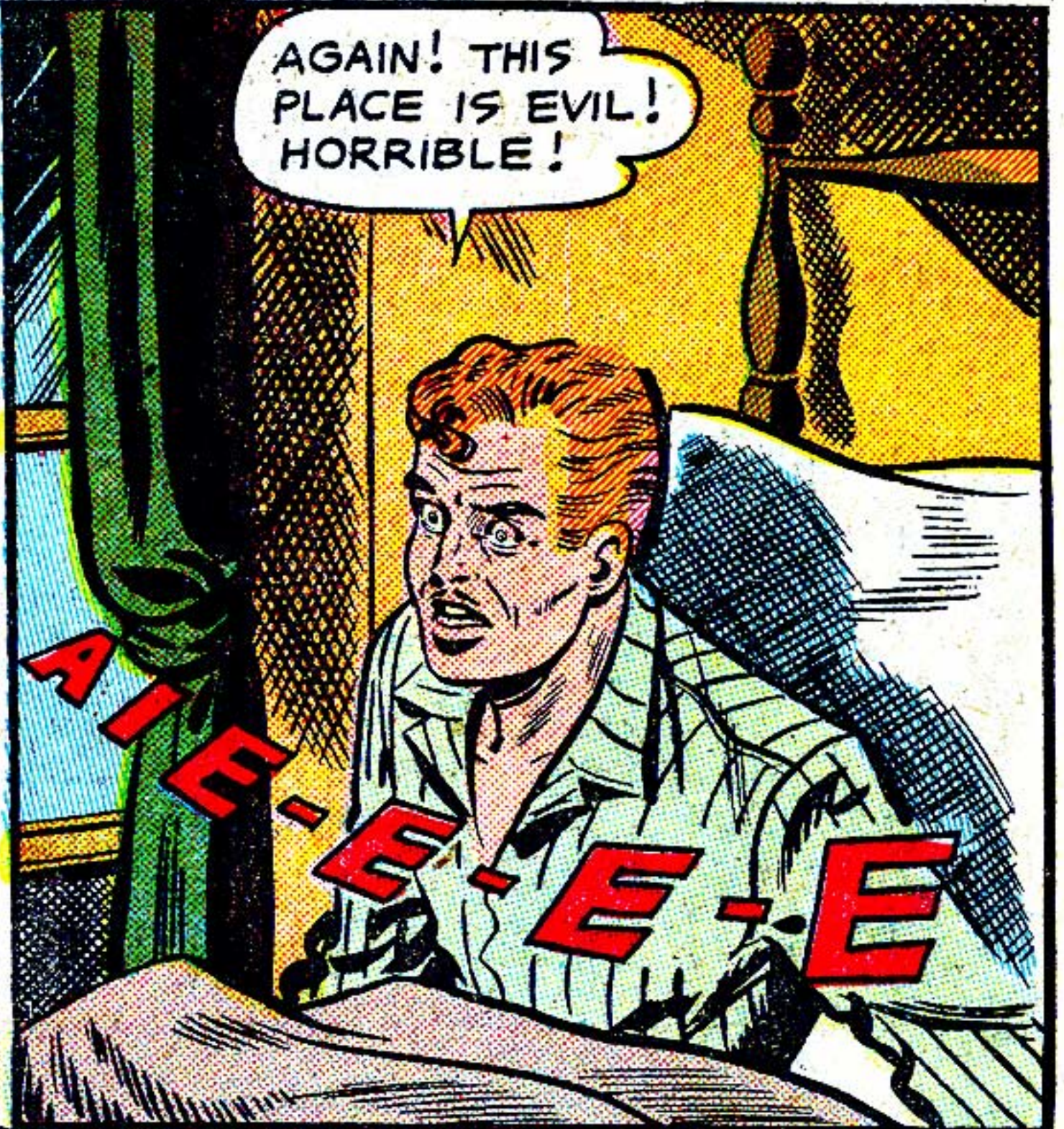
SHE'S AN OLD HELPLESS WOMAN! WE'RE ALL UPSET, BUT LET'S BE SENSIBLE ABOUT THIS...



I WAS HOARSE WHEN I FINISHED CONVINCING THAT MOB TO GO HOME, AND LET THE LAW HANDLE SUCH MATTERS... BUT IT DIDN'T END THERE...



AGAIN! THIS PLACE IS EVIL! HORRIBLE!



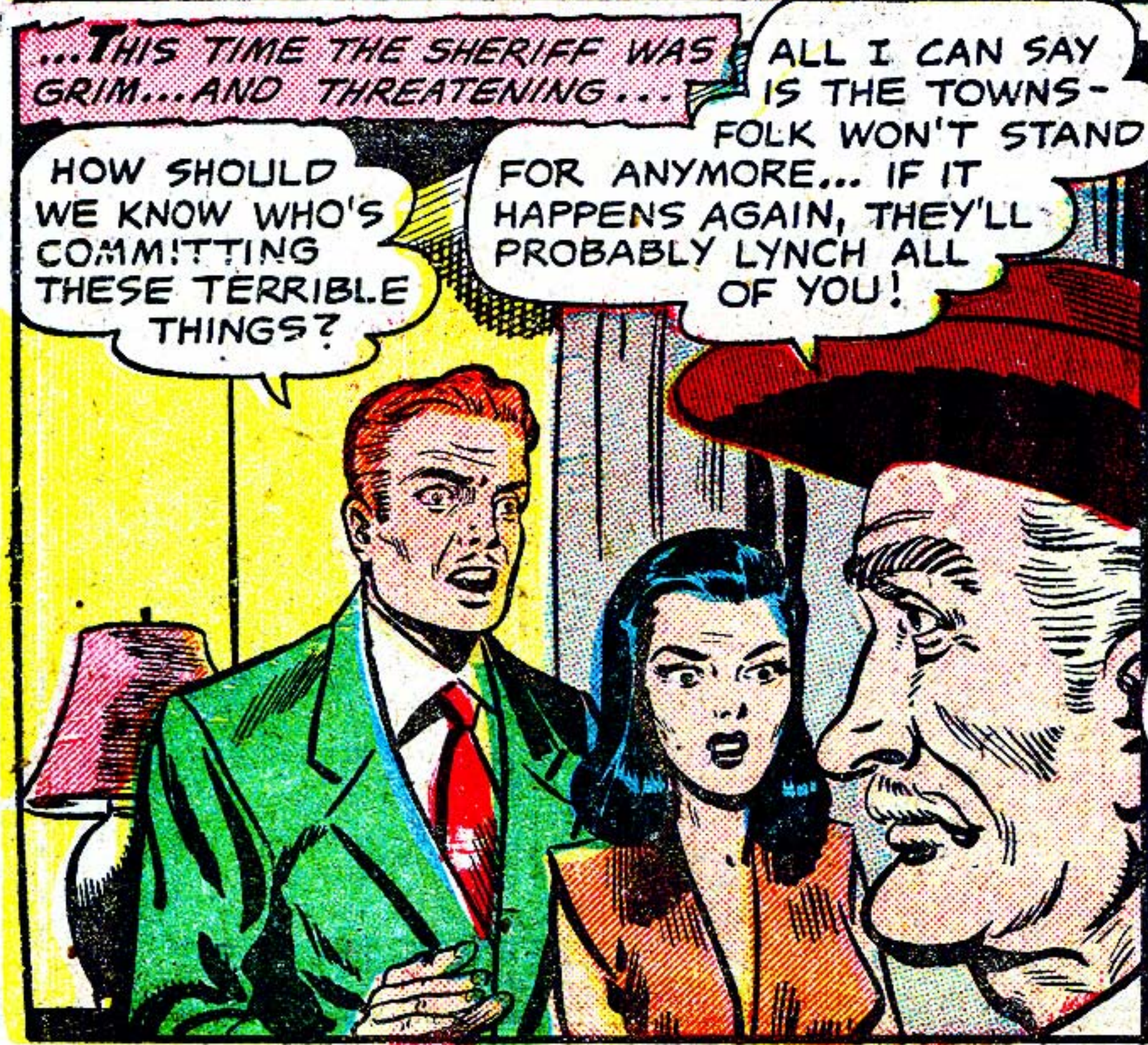
...THIS TIME THE SHERIFF WAS GRIM...AND THREATENING...

ALL I CAN SAY IS THE TOWNS-FOLK WON'T STAND FOR ANYMORE... IF IT HAPPENS AGAIN, THEY'LL PROBABLY LYNCH ALL OF YOU!

HOW SHOULD WE KNOW WHO'S COMMITTING THESE TERRIBLE THINGS?

FOR ANYMORE... IF IT HAPPENS AGAIN, THEY'LL PROBABLY LYNCH ALL OF YOU!

IF IT WILL HELP, I WILL STAND GUARD TONIGHT... AT CLARA'S CABIN... THOUGH I KNOW SHE'S INNOCENT!





# JOURNEY INTO FEAR

WEREWOLF  
HUNTING  
WAS A NEW  
ONE TO ME,  
BUT I  
PREPARED  
MYSELF...  
SILVER  
BULLETS  
AND ALL...  
POOR  
BETTY WAS  
FRANTIC  
WITH FEAR  
AND  
WORRY...



PLEASE  
LET ME GO  
WITH YOU,  
DEAR.

YOU GET SOME  
SLEEP. I'M ONLY  
DOING THIS TO  
PROVE A POINT  
TO THE SHERIFF.



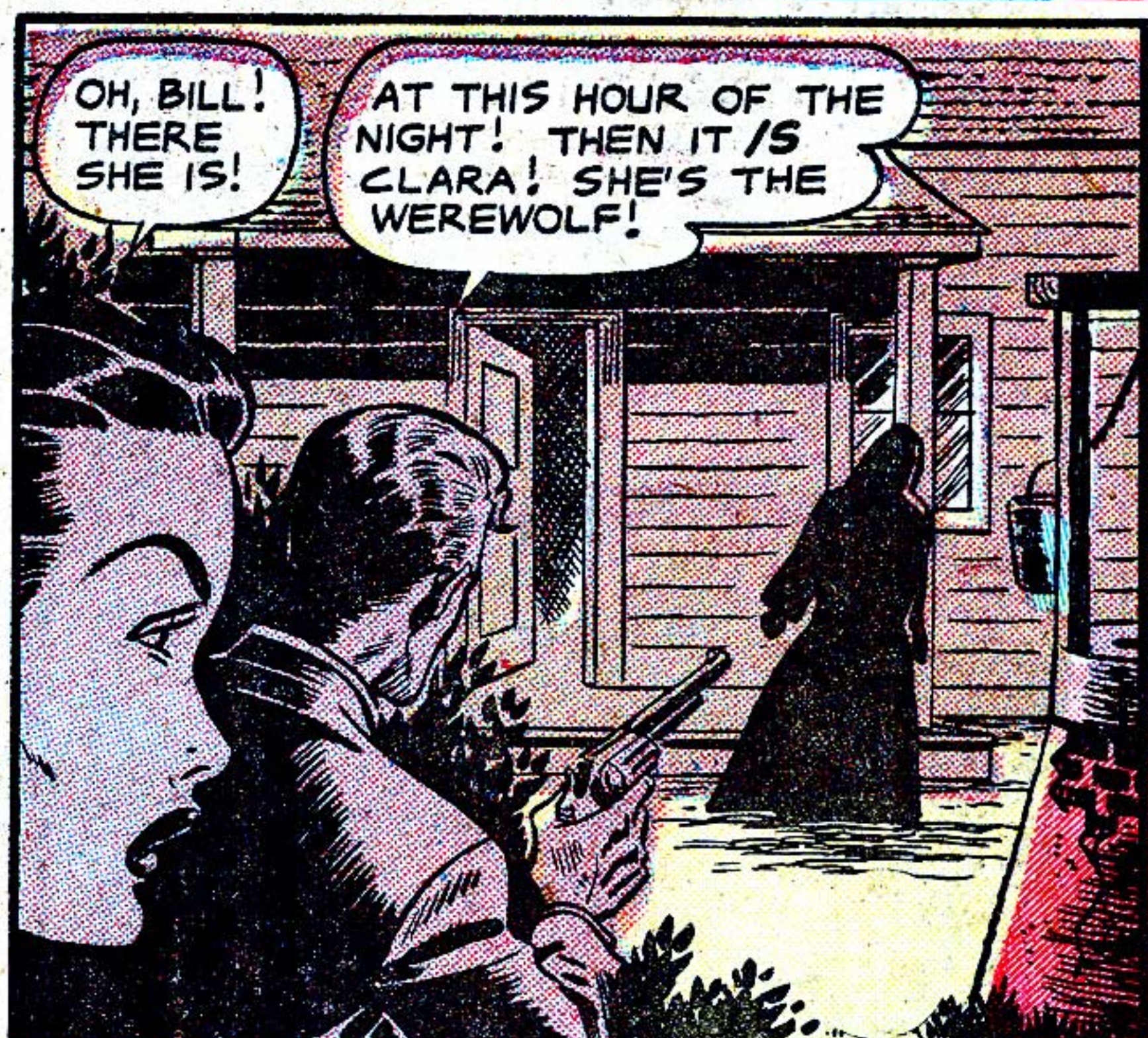
BUT IF YOU  
INSIST, HONEY...  
YOU LOOK TOO  
SCARED TO  
LEAVE ALONE.

I AM, BILL. AND  
I'M SCARED FOR  
YOU, TOO...



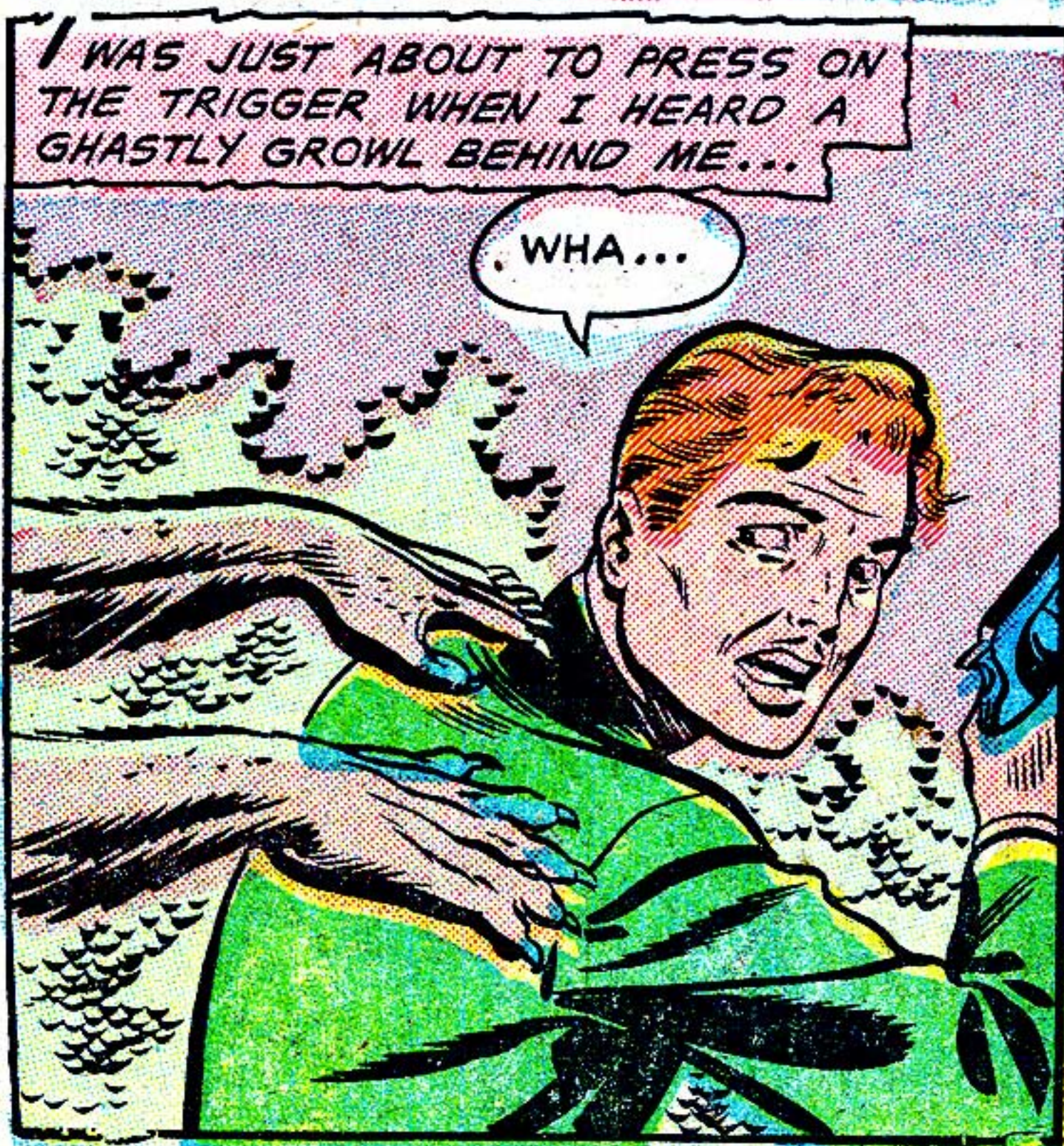
WHERE SHALL  
WE HIDE? SHE'LL  
SEE US.

OVER THERE  
IN THE BUSHES.  
QUIET NOW!



OH, BILL!  
THERE  
SHE IS!

AT THIS HOUR OF THE  
NIGHT! THEN IT /S  
CLARA! SHE'S THE  
WEREWOLF!



I WAS JUST ABOUT TO PRESS ON  
THE TRIGGER WHEN I HEARD A  
GHASTLY GROWL BEHIND ME...

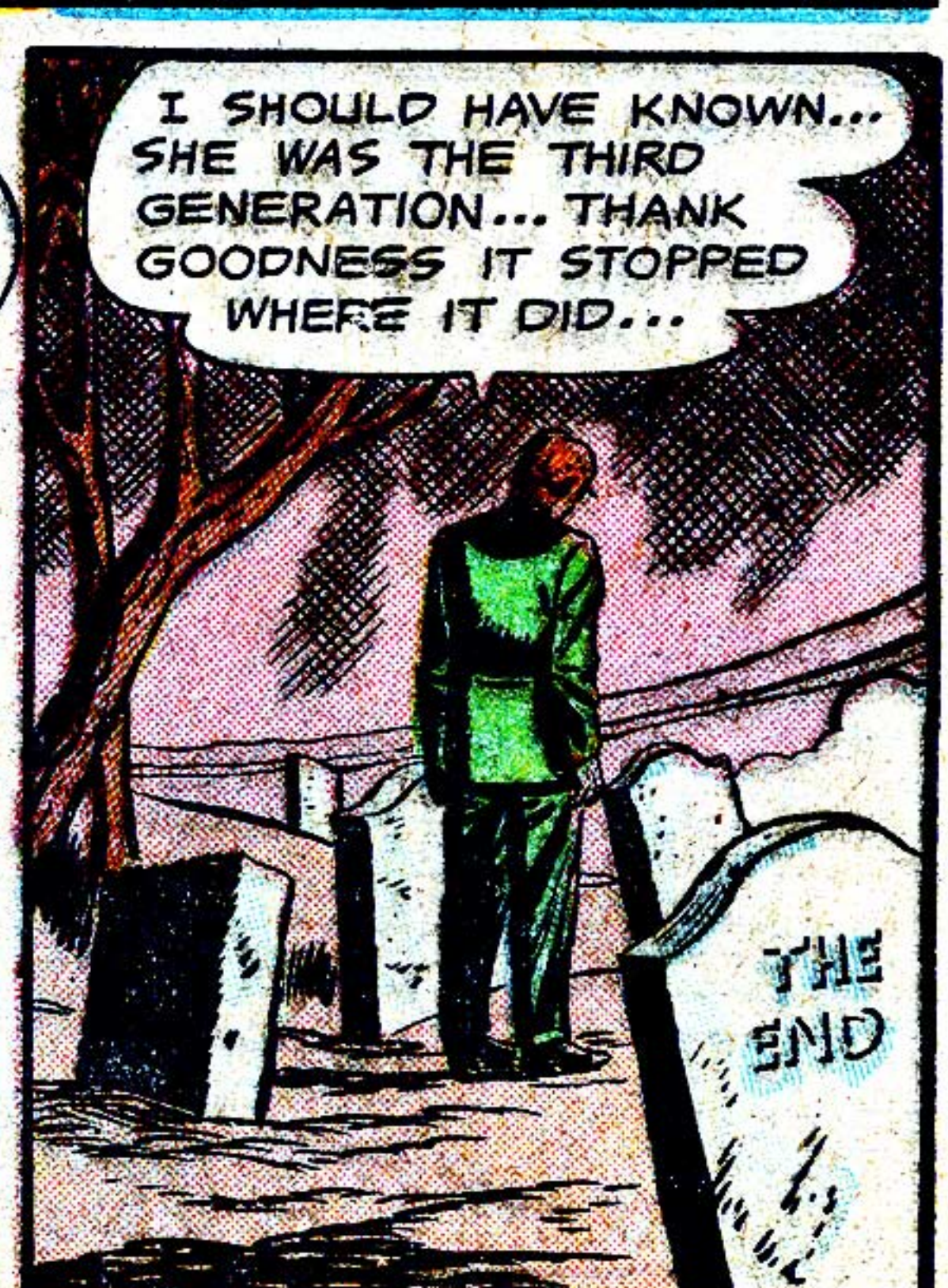
WHA...



KILL...  
KILL!

B-BETTY! OH, NO...  
NOT YOU! YOU—  
THE WEREWOLF!

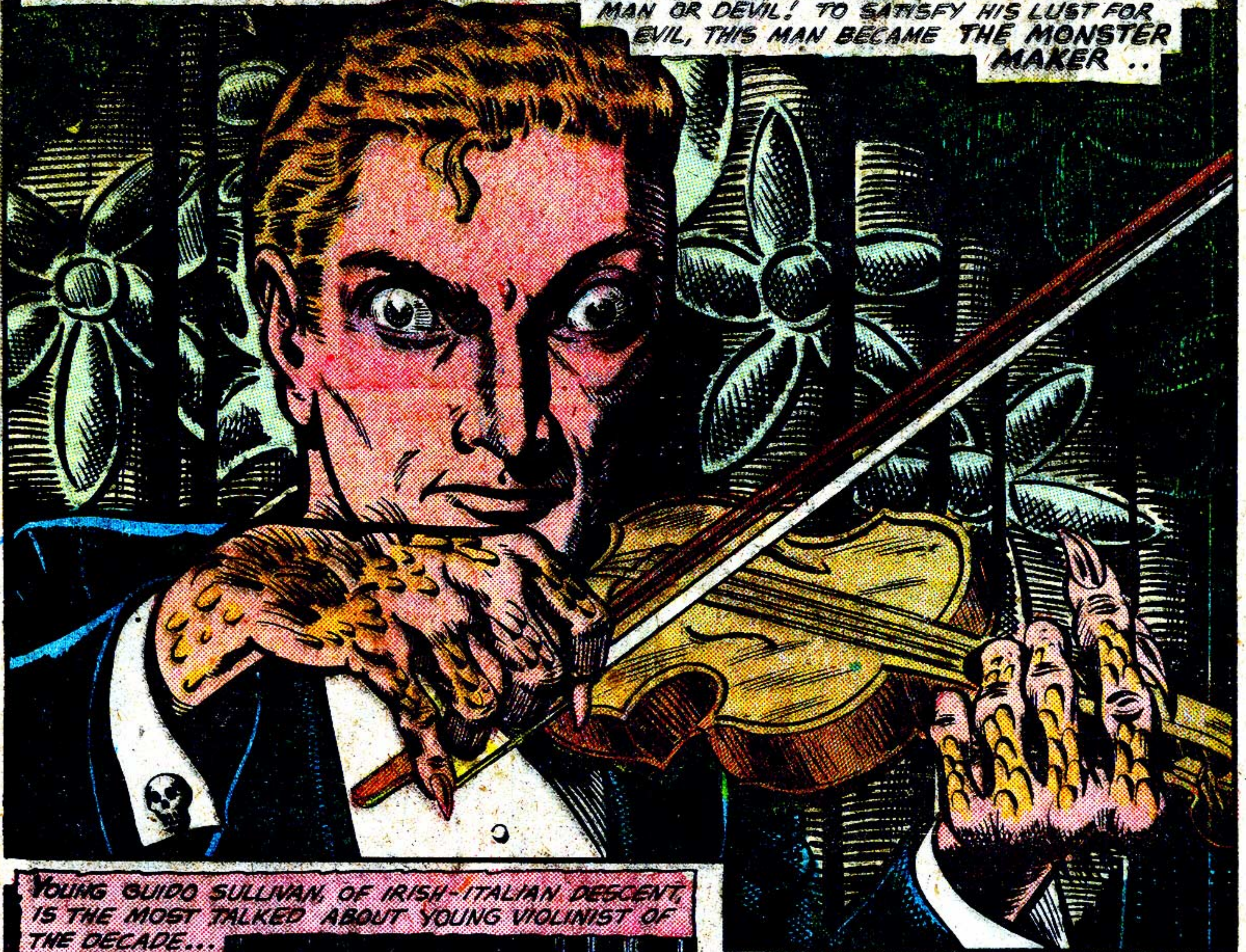






# Revenge So EVIL

THE LINE BETWEEN LOVE AND HATE, SO THE WISE MEN SAY, IS PAPER THIN! AND IF A WOMAN SCORNFUL IS A THING OF FLURY—A MAN SCORNFUL IS A THOUSAND TIMES WORSE! THIS IS THE HORRIBLE, GRIPPING STORY OF A JEALOUS TORMENT IN A MADMAN'S SOUL—A TORMENT THAT DROVE HIM TO EXACT THE MOST TERRIBLE REVENGE EVER DREAMED OF BY MAN OR DEVIL! TO SATISFY HIS LUST FOR EVIL, THIS MAN BECAME THE MONSTER MAKER ...



YOUNG GUIDO SULLIVAN, OF IRISH-ITALIAN DESCENT, IS THE MOST TALKED ABOUT YOUNG VIOLINIST OF THE DECADE...

THE BOY IS SUPERB! PEOPLE ARE ALREADY COMPARING HIM WITH KREISLER!

A FINE TECHNIQUE!

MAGNIFICENT!

AND LOVELY EVE ADAMS HAS EYES ONLY FOR GUIDO...

JUST LISTEN, HARRY! HE'S A HUGE SUCCESS TONIGHT! I'M SO PROUD OF HIM!

YES! HE'S IN GOOD FORM!

SHE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW I'M HERE! SHE LOVES HIM!







LATER...

HELLO, EVE!  
GLAD YOU  
WAITED!

DARLING!  
YOU WERE  
SO  
WONDERFUL  
TONIGHT!  
I'VE PLANNED A  
LOVELY PARTY TO  
CELEBRATE!

I MIGHT AS  
WELL BE A  
STORE DUMMY.  
JUST AN  
ESCORT—  
UNTIL SHE  
MEETS  
HIM!

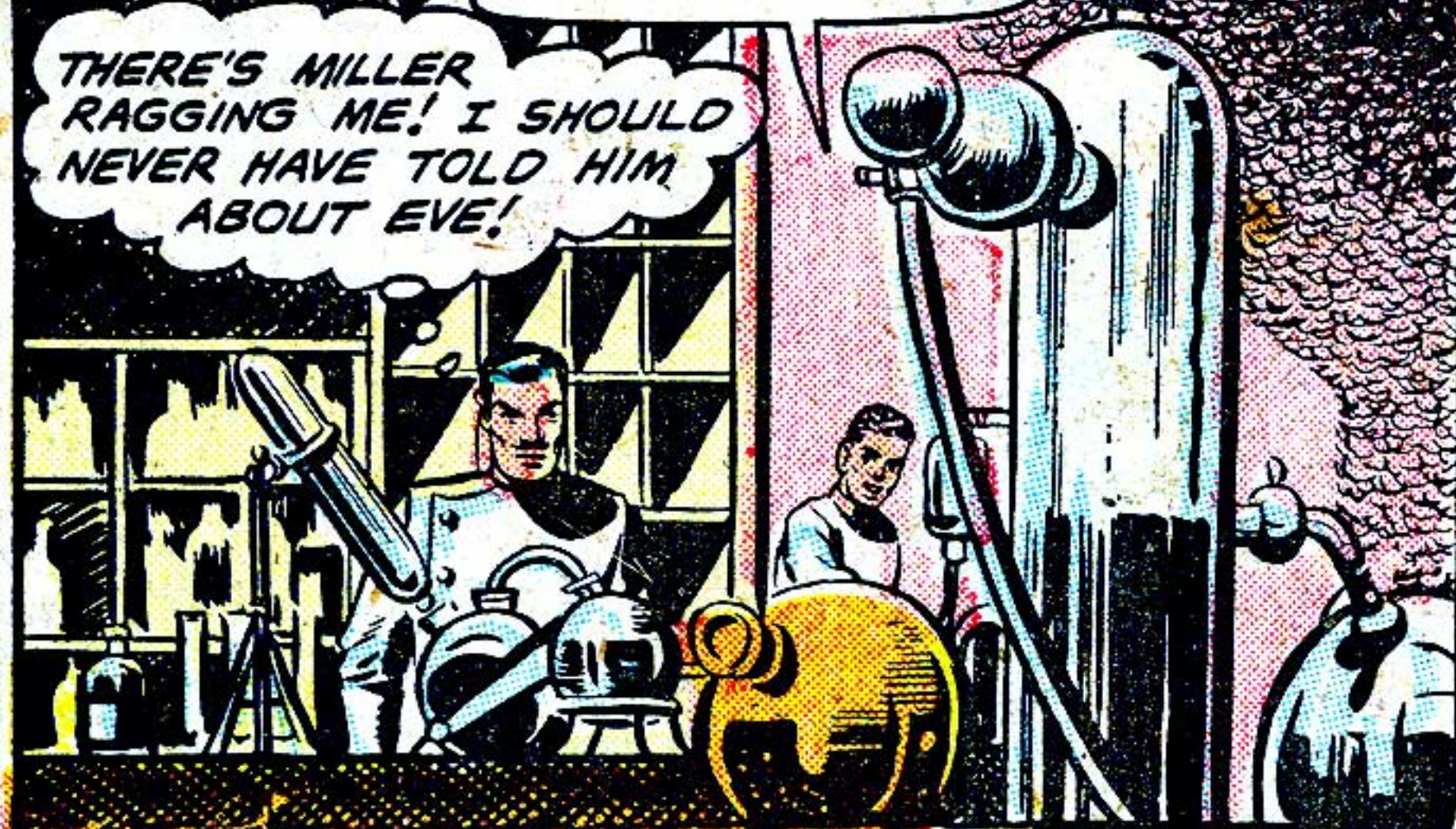
THERE THEY GO! SHE HARDLY SAID  
GOODBYE TO ME! GUIDO! EVERYTHING  
IS GUIDO! HOW I HATE THAT VIOLIN  
PLAYING SISSY! IF ONLY THERE WAS  
SOME WAY TO HURT HIM!



HARRY HAWKINS IS A RESEARCH CHEMIST! LATER AT  
THE LABORATORY WHERE HE IS EMPLOYED...

HEY, HARRY, WHAT ARE YOU SO GLOOMY  
ABOUT TONIGHT? HAVING TROUBLE WITH  
THAT GIRL AGAIN?

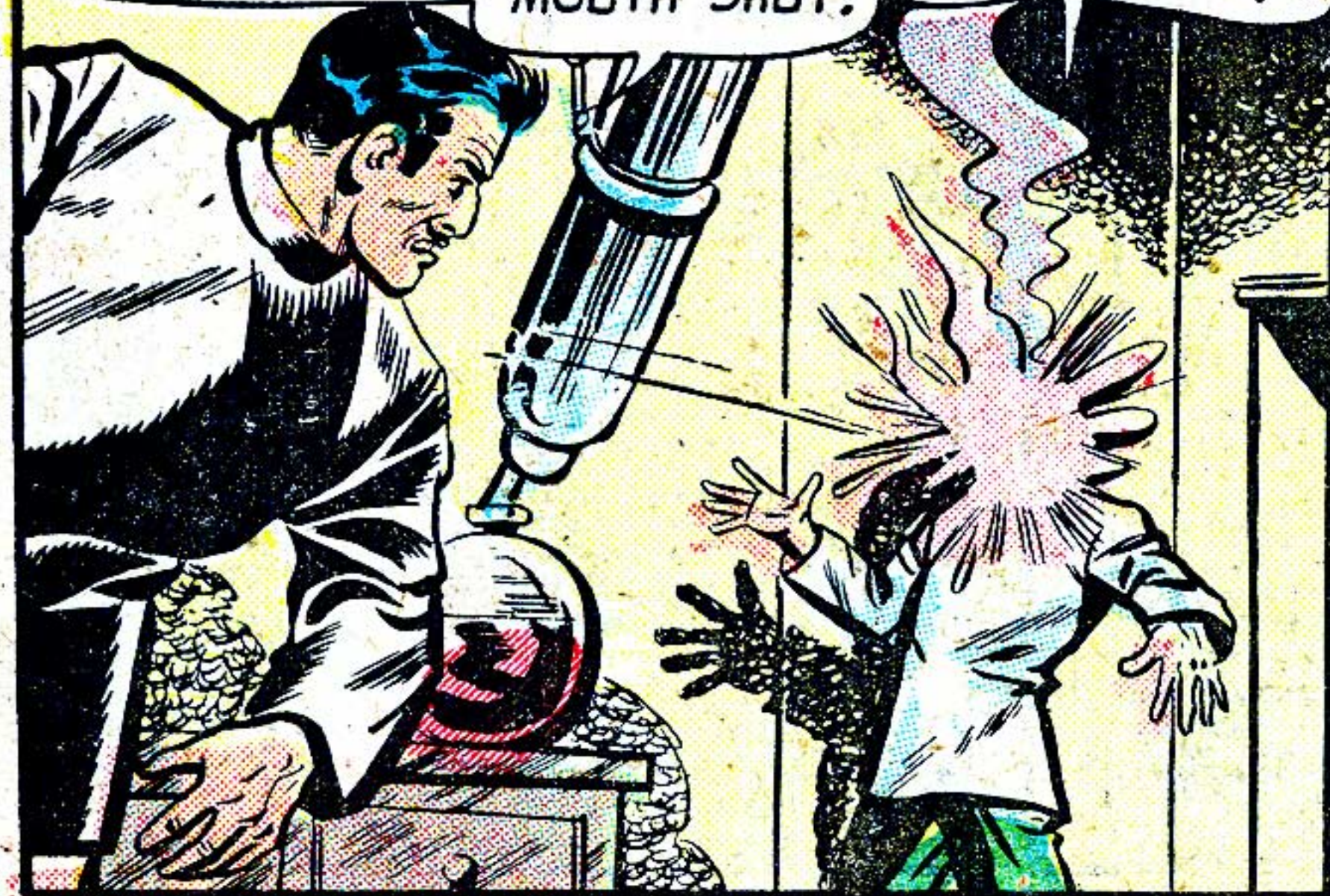
THERE'S MILLER  
RAGGING ME! I SHOULD  
NEVER HAVE TOLD HIM  
ABOUT EVE!



RAGE FLARES IN HARRY'S BRAIN  
AND HE HURLS A VIAL OF ACID...

I WARNED YOU, MILLER! THIS  
WILL TEACH YOU TO KEEP YOUR  
MOUTH SHUT!

HUH! N-NO!  
AAAAAAA-



YOU'RE IN THE WRONG RACKET, BOY!  
NOW IF YOU COULD PLAY THE VIOLIN  
NICE AND PRETTY, LIKE GUIDO-  
SULLIVAN, YOU MIGHT HAVE A  
CHANCE! I'LL TELL YOU...

SHUT  
UP!



YIIIIIIII—HELP  
ME! MY FACE, MY  
EYES! DON'T  
LEAVE ME LIKE  
THIS!  
EEEEEEEE—

I'M GETTING  
OUT RIGHT NOW!  
I DON'T CARE  
WHAT HAPPENS  
TO YOU—OR  
TO ME!





THE AFFAIR IS HUSHED UP! HARRY IS DISCHARGED, BUT NOT PROSECUTED! IN HIS LAB AT HOME, HE CONTINUES CERTAIN SINISTER EXPERIMENTS...

IN A WAY I'M GLAD I GOT FIRED! I CAN CONTINUE MY WORK ON THE DISEASE, ACROMEGALIA—AND I DON'T THINK OF EVE SO MUCH!



BUT ONE DAY THE HATE AND JEALOUSY RETURNS WITH A RUSH...

SO GUIDO AND EVE HAVE FINALLY MADE UP THEIR MINDS! GOING TO BE MARRIED IN A MONTH! HMM—I WONDER...



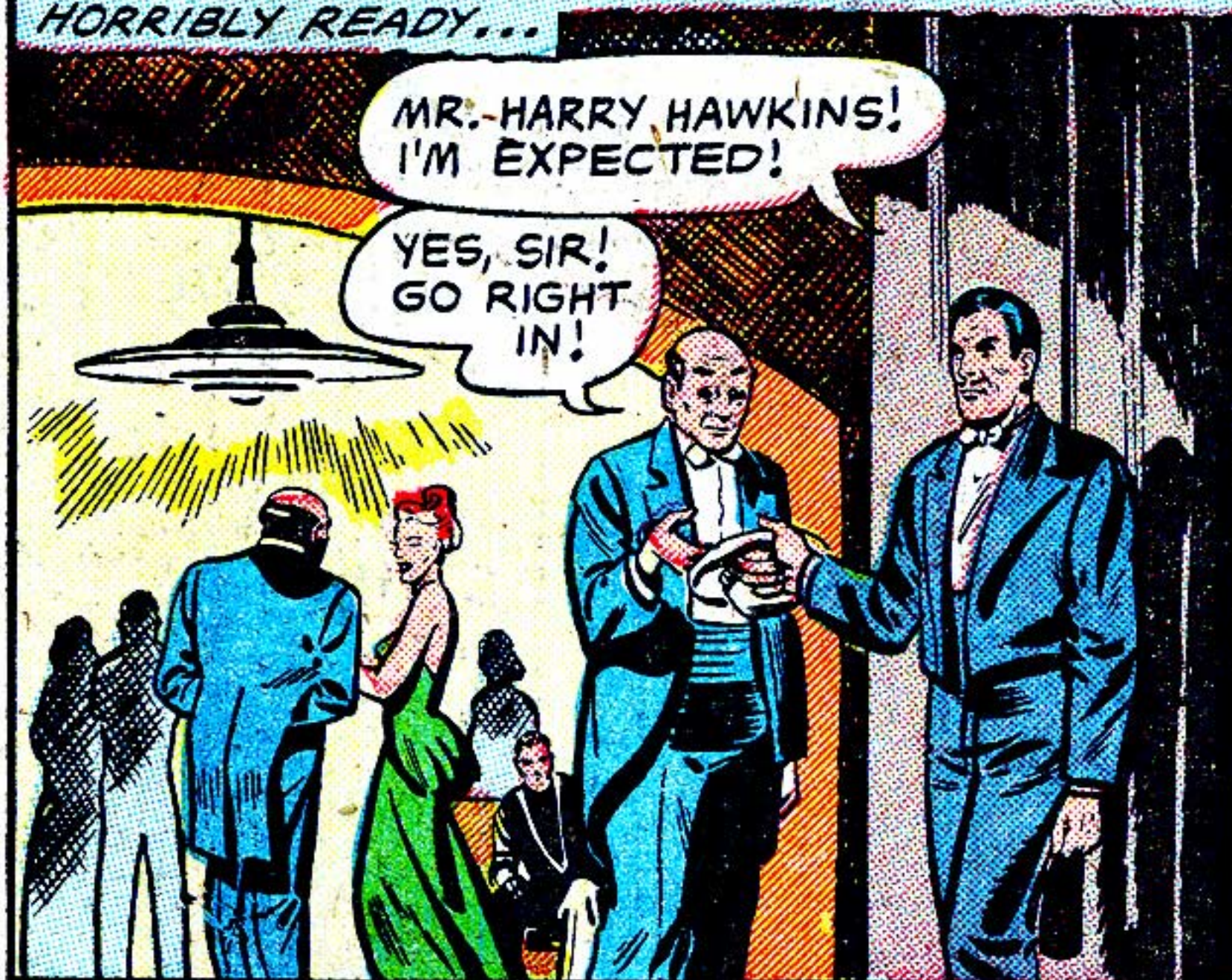
MAYBE THEY'LL NEVER BE MARRIED! THIS—(CHUCKLE)—RING I MADE MIGHT STOP THEM! PLUS THIS FORMULA I'LL POUR IN IT!



LATER A RECEPTION IS GIVEN FOR THE ENGAGED COUPLE—AND HARRY IS INVITED! HE IS READY—HORRIBLY READY...

MR. HARRY HAWKINS! I'M EXPECTED!

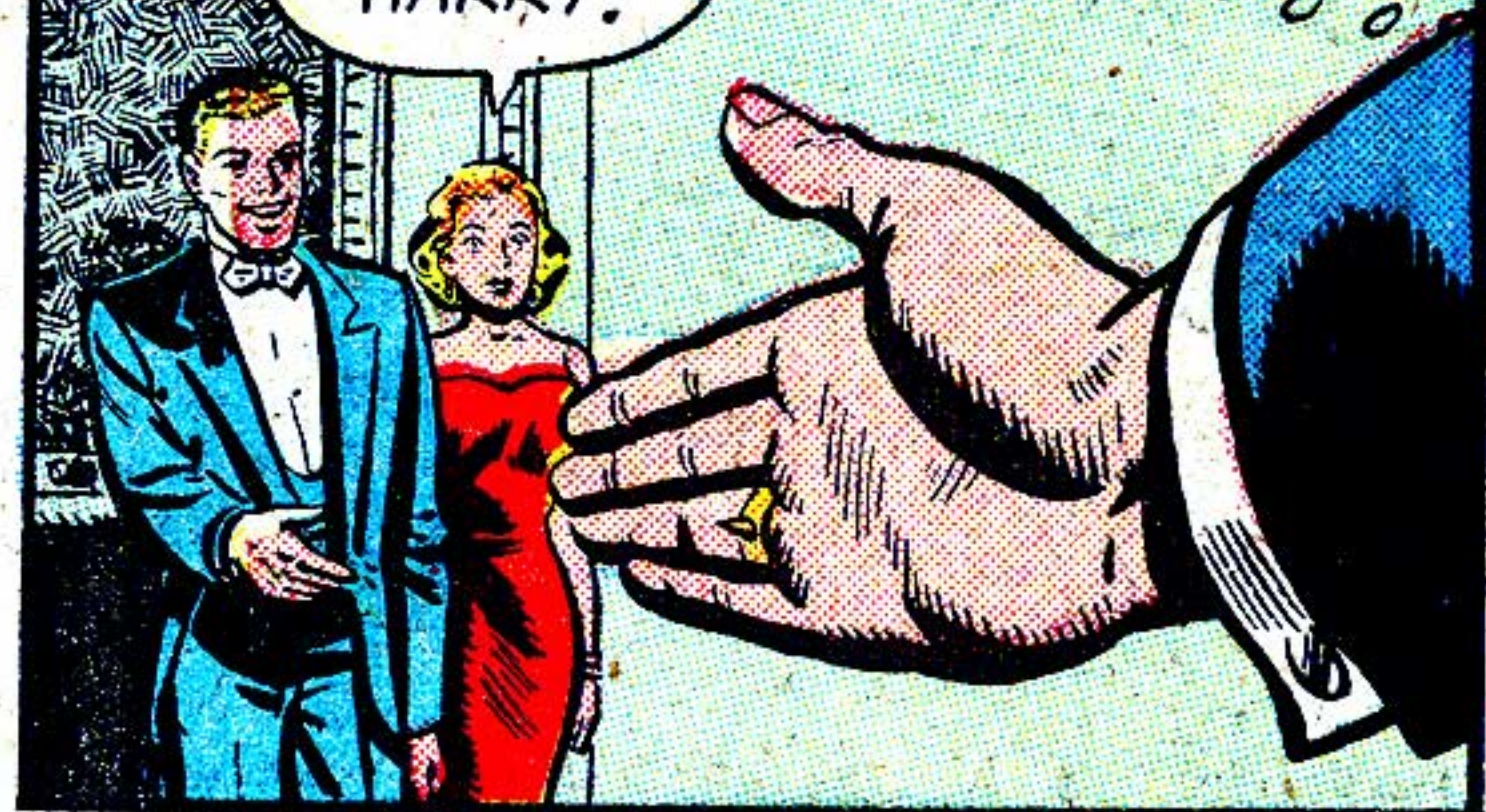
YES, SIR! GO RIGHT IN!



HELLO, HARRY! NICE TO SEE YOU AGAIN! THOUGHT YOU'D FORGOTTEN US!

I HOPE YOU'LL WISH US LUCK, HARRY!

HA—HA! I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN YOU! AND I DO WISH YOU LUCK—ALL BAD! NOW IF MY HYPODERMIC RING ONLY WORKS!



HURRY, GUIDO, THERE ARE SO MANY OTHER PEOPLE TO SEE!

YES! SEE YOU LATER, HARRY! SAY—WHAT A GRIP!

SURE, RUN ALONG! DON'T MIND ME! I CAN'T STAY ANYWAY!

DID IT! HE DIDN'T NOTICE THE RING PRICK HIM!



BUT LATER...

HMM—THAT'S FUNNY! I CUT MY HAND SOMEHOW! LOOK AT MY PALM... IT'S BLEEDING!

OH, DARLING, IT'S ONLY A SCRATCH! HERE, I'LL WIPE THE BLOOD AWAY WITH MY HANKIE!





A WEEK PASSES AND GUIDO MAKES AN ALARMING DISCOVERY...

WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME? MY HANDS—SO STIFF AND SORE! MY FINGERS FEEL DEAD AND NUMB! AT THIS RATE I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO PLAY ANOTHER CONCERT! I MUST DO SOMETHING AT ONCE!

BUT EVEN NEXT DAY...

YAAAA—

L-LOOK AT THEM NOW! LIKE CLAWS! AND THEY'RE G-GETTING SCALY! LIKE FISH SCALES! I MUST HAVE SOME TERRIBLE DISEASE, BUT WHERE DID I GET IT?

ONE DAY LATER...

OH! MY FACE IS CHANGING, TOO! I'M TURNING INTO A M-MONSTER! AND EVE IS COMING TO SEE ME THIS AFTERNOON! I CAN'T LET HER SEE ME LIKE THIS—HAVE TO CALL HER AND SAY I'M BUSY REHEARSING!

GUIDO, TERROR-STRICKEN, SUCCEEDS IN STALLING EVE FOR A WEEK! BUT ONE DAY...

I'M GOING TO SEE GUIDO TODAY, OR KNOW THE REASON WHY! HE'S BEEN AVOIDING ME FOR A WEEK NOW AND I DON'T LIKE IT! IF HE WANTS TO CALL OFF OUR MARRIAGE, HE SHOULD TELL ME!

THERE HE IS NOW! I'LL JUST WALK IN AND SURPRISE HIM! POOR DARLING—HE LOOKS SO THIN!

GUIDO TURNS AND SEES EVE...

EVE! N-NO! I D-DON'T WANT YOU TO SEE ME!

GUIDO—YOUR FACE!

EEEEEE—



# JOURNEY INTO FEAR

EVE FAINTS AND AWAKES HOURS LATER IN A HOSPITAL, STILL SICK WITH HORROR...

W-WHAT HAPPENED? OHH—I—I REMEMBER NOW—GUIDO! HIS F-FACE! SO TERRIBLE!

YOU'RE GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT, MISS ADAMS! BUT I'M AFRAID I HAVE BAD NEWS FOR YOU!

GUIDO SULLIVAN IS DEAD! HE SHOT HIMSELF TO DEATH AFTER YOU FAINTED, BUT HE LEFT A NOTE FOR YOU! I HAVE IT HERE!

OHH—GUIDO DEAD!

I'M SORRY, MISS ADAMS! HERE IS THE NOTE, SEALED, WITH INSTRUCTIONS! THAT IT BE DELIVERED ONLY TO YOU!

T-THANK YOU, DOCTOR! IF I COULD BE ALONE NOW!

AFTER EVE READS THE NOTE, SHE LIES STARK AND SILENT... A GRIM DETERMINATION ETCHED ON HER FACE...

SO THAT WAS THE REASON! HOW CRUEL! BUT IF GUIDO WAS RIGHT, I'LL HAVE REVENGE—FOR BOTH OF US!

SEVERAL WEEKS LATER, EVE HAS A CALLER...

HELLO, EVE! I WOULD HAVE COME TO SEE YOU SOONER. BUT, WELL—I'M SORRY ABOUT GUIDO!

HARRY HAWKINS! IT'S NICE TO SEE YOU AGAIN! AND I D-DON'T THINK OF GUIDO ANY-MORE!

A MONTH LATER, HARRY PROPOSES, AND SOMEWHAT TO HIS SURPRISE...

OH, HARRY, DARLING! I WAS HOPING YOU WOULD ASK ME! OF COURSE I'LL MARRY YOU—YES—YES!

HUH! I D-DIDN'T EXPECT HER TO BE SO WILLING!

ON THEIR HONEYMOON, EVE CANNOT SEEM TO GET ENOUGH OF HARRY'S KISSES...

KISS ME AGAIN, SWEETHEART! IT'S BEEN ALMOST TEN MINUTES SINCE THE LAST ONE! OH, I CAN NEVER LET YOU GO!

OF COURSE, MY DARLING!

HMM—GUESS I WAS WRONG! SHE LOVED ME ALL THE TIME!



# JOURNEY INTO FEAR

SUDDENLY THE HONEYMOON IS OVER IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE! WHILE WORKING IN HIS LAB ONE DAY, HARRY NOTICES A TERRIBLE THING...



YIII! M-MY HANDS! B-BUT IT CAN'T BE, I CAN'T HAVE CONTRACTED ACROMEGALIA! I'M ALWAYS SO CAREFUL IN MY EXPERIMENTS! MUST BE SOME M-MISTAKE!

BUT A DAY OR SO LATER, HARRY IS FORCED TO ADMIT THE DREADFUL TRUTH—THERE IS NO MISTAKE...

IT'S TRUE! I'VE GOT IT! ACROMEGALIA! SOON I'LL BE THE WAY GUIDO WAS, BEFORE HE SHOT HIMSELF! THERE IS—(GROAN)—NO CURE!



FOR A TIME HE CONCEALS HIS RAVAGED HANDS WITH GLOVES, BUT ONE NIGHT AT THE DINNER TABLE...



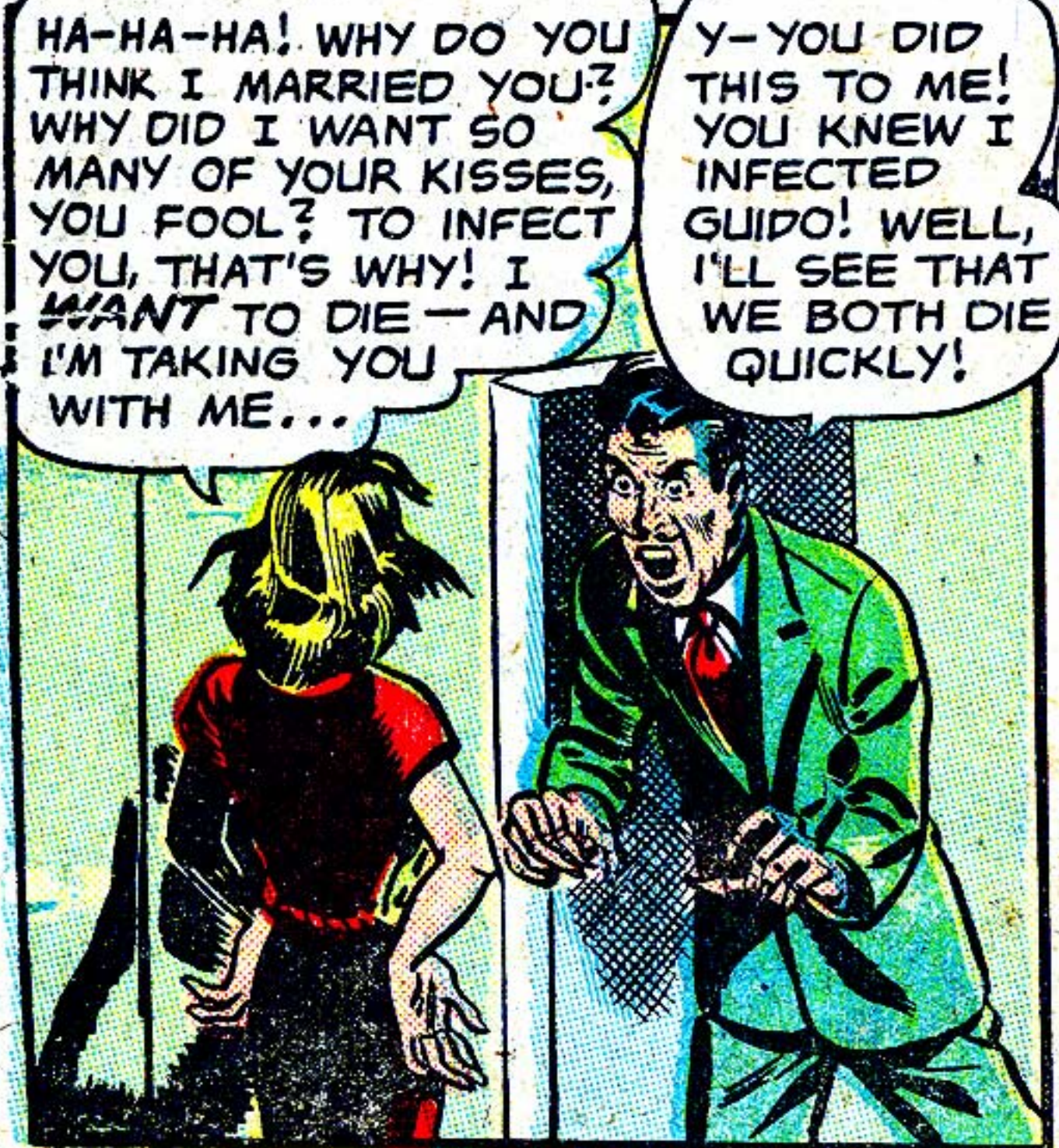
EVE! YOUR FACE—IT'S CHANGED! ALMOST AS IF—AS THOUGH...

SAY IT, HARRY! AS THOUGH I HAD ACROMEGALIA! AND I HAVE! I GAVE IT TO YOU! I INFECTED MYSELF JUST SO I COULD GIVE IT TO YOU!

GUIDO WROTE THIS NOTE BEFORE HE DIED! FOR SOME REASON HE SUSPECTED YOU, AND WHEN HE LEARNED YOU WERE EXPERIMENTING WITH THE DISEASE, HE KNEW! HE ASKED ME TO AVENGE HIM, AND NOW I HAVE!



WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVE...



HA-HA-HA! WHY DO YOU THINK I MARRIED YOU? WHY DID I WANT SO MANY OF YOUR KISSES, YOU FOOL? TO INFECT YOU, THAT'S WHY! I WANT TO DIE—AND I'M TAKING YOU WITH ME...

Y-YOU DID THIS TO ME! YOU KNEW I INFECTED GUIDO! WELL, I'LL SEE THAT WE BOTH DIE QUICKLY!

THIS NOTE MAKES PRETTY GRUESOME READING, MAC! NEAR AS I CAN UNDERSTAND, THE DAME FIGURED OUT THE PERFECT REVENGE!

I DON'T GET IT! DID YOU SEE HER FACE—OR WHAT WAS LEFT OF IT? BETTER CALL IN AND REPORT—MURDER AND SUICIDE!



The End